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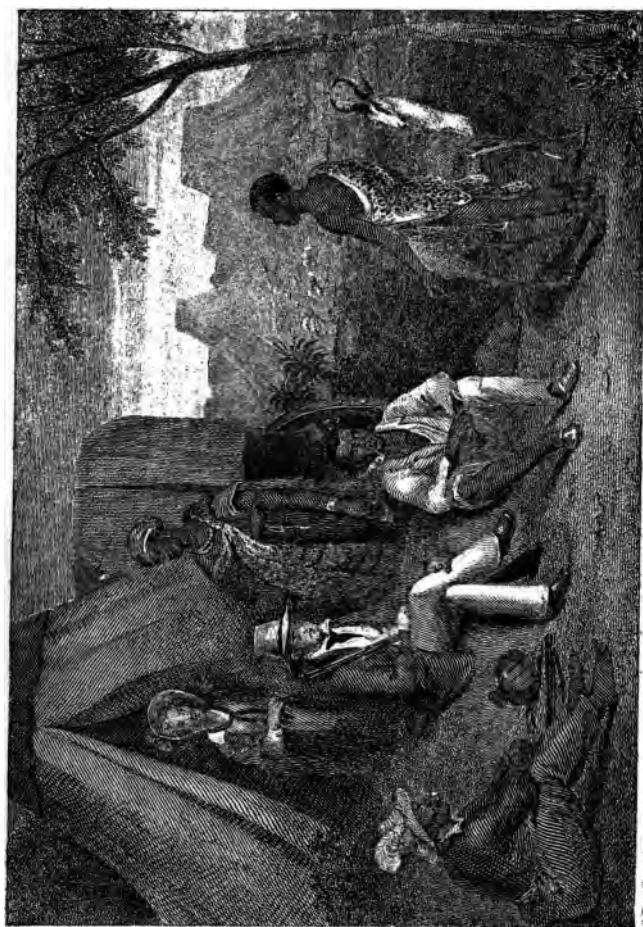
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THE BECUANA BOY.

J. Stewart.

AFAR IN THE DESERT:

AND OTHER

SOUTH AFRICAN POEMS.

BY

THOMAS PRINGLE.

WITH A MEMOIR AND NOTES.

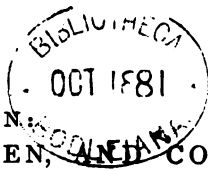
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AUTHOR OF 'SOUTH AFRICA, PAST AND PRESENT,' ETC.

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INTRODUCTION.



THE poetical productions of Thomas Pringle were first given to the world upwards of half a century ago. They obtained for him an honourable reputation among the literary men of his time, who readily recognised in his writings some sparks of true genius, and a singular grace and delicacy of sentiment, as well as an almost constant elegance of expression and truthfulness and beauty of description. More than one of his lyrics still find a place in the best collections of "Scottish Song," and not a few of those written during his residence in South Africa, and associated with the country, continue to live in the hearts and minds of Cape and Natal colonists,


and are likely to endure as long as the English language is spoken.

Several editions of his works, both Poetry and Prose, were published between 1828 and 1840, and were received with much public favour; but of late years they have passed out of print, and almost out of sight, copies of them being now comparatively rarely met with even in second-hand book-shops. The present volume is produced solely with the view of reviving an interest in them, and of meeting the oft-expressed desire of South African colonists for a collection of Pringle's "South African Poems;" to which are now added notes and selections from the Author's prose writings, in illustration chiefly of the allusions which the poems contain to the scenery and productions of the country, and the character and condition of its native inhabitants. Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co., who represent the copyright-holders, have generously given their consent to this publication. We have undertaken the duty of editing it, simply as a labour of love, endeavouring, as

far as in us lies, to keep fresh and green the honoured memory of the Poet and the good service he has done.

Thomas Pringle was one of those who well deserve to be remembered, not less for their character and conduct, than for their writings. Among his own intimate friends he excited unqualified esteem and admiration. John Fairbairn affectionately eulogises him as one of the most amiable men of genius he ever knew. Steady in his attachments, modest, frank, forgiving, "there was not," he says, "a quality that renders talent agreeable and wit safe in social and domestic life which he did not exhibit in the degree most to be desired, whether the stream of accidents ran rough or smooth." By others who knew him chiefly through his public labours and actions, he has been equally highly extolled as a man of great worth, warm-hearted, generous and high of spirit, an enthusiastic philanthropist, and an intrepid advocate of the natural rights of the human kind.


The main incidents of his career may be briefly told. Born in 1789, at Blaiklaw, near Kelso, his early years were spent in Teviotdale, among the scenes of Border song and story, which Sir Walter Scott has made famous. His father was a small farmer, belonging to that excellent class of high-principled, respectable husbandmen, from whom the most notable and best type of Scotchmen have sprung. Thomas was the third child of a family of four sons and three daughters. While yet an infant, he met with an accident in his nurse's arms which dislocated his right limb at the hip-joint, and thus rendered him a cripple for life. Owing probably to this lameness, books became his great resource of amusement and occupation; and his worthy father, with laudable ambition, resolved to contrive and give him such an education as might qualify him for holding a place in some learned or settled profession. After having received a sound elementary training in the Grammar School of Kelso, he was sent to the Edinburgh University in his seventeenth year. Throughout the



course of his collegiate training, although he did not make a brilliant figure, he was of studious habits, and attended diligently to the duties of his different classes. His readings, during the hours he was not so engaged, consisted chiefly in the *belles-lettres* of his mother tongue; and according to the testimony of his contemporaries, he was much more conversant with English poetry and criticism than students of his standing generally were.

When the time arrived for his determining upon a profession, he had great difficulty in deciding what to follow. His lameness interposed obstacles to some; his tastes and habits to others. In this state of indecision he drifted into Literature, which had more hold upon his affections than aught else, although its profitableness was by no means assured. Immediately after leaving the University he was engaged for some years as a clerk in the office of the Commissioners of the Public Records of Scotland; and upon the conclusion of his daily work, he generally occupied his evenings in literary pursuit and

enjoyment; reading and writing in prose or verse, and contributing to papers and periodicals. In 1817, he left the Records Office and entered upon the duties of joint Editor of the 'Edinburgh Monthly Magazine,' which afterwards took the name of its proprietor, and eventually became the now famous 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Shortly afterwards, however, he transferred his services as joint Editor to the 'Scots' Magazine,' published by Constable of Edinburgh, and at the same time undertook the Editorship of a city newspaper, the *Star*, then almost the only Liberal newspaper in Scotland. In the beginning of 1819, he first appeared before the public as the author of a small volume of poetry, under the title of the 'Autumnal Excursion, or Scenes in Teviotdale; and other Poems.' Prior to this he had added to his happiness by marrying Margaret, daughter of Mr. William Brown, an East Lothian farmer, a step which, amid all his harassing cares and toils, he declared he never for a single moment had any reason to regret, but rather to "thank God for a faithful friend and a devoted



wife." His new position, however, brought increased responsibilities, and unfortunately his pecuniary resources were inadequate to maintain these even in a moderate way. Although the magazine work for a short time was prosperous, it had to be abandoned, owing to the political and mercenary rivalry he had to encounter ; the Editorship of the newspaper was unprofitable ; his poetical productions brought him more empty praise than solid pudding ; and some of his experiences of the drudgery of a literary life completely changed his views, and gave him even a decided aversion to periodical literature as a profession.

A project of emigration entered his mind at this period. The Imperial Parliament had just voted £50,000 to send out some thousands of British settlers to the Cape of Good Hope. Here was an opportunity of transferring his energies to a new country and to a different form of occupation. It presented the further advantage of offering relief to the other members of his father's house, who were

likewise suffering from the vicissitudes of fortune. They might, he thought, re-establish themselves in rural independence in the "promised land" of South Africa, and there obtain that prosperity which adverse circumstances denied them in their mother-country. He submitted the scheme to his father and relatives, and offered to accompany them should they determine to emigrate. After maturely weighing the matter, they decided to go; and Pringle applied on their behalf to the Colonial Department for the necessary permission and free passages, which were at once granted to them. In the poem, entitled "The Emigrants"—evidently a mere fragment, but still a very polished and beautiful production—he describes the pastoral scenes and domestic associations of his early life which were abandoned and broken up when he and his exile-train went forth—

"To seek new homes on Afric's southern strand."

Appended to this poem is the well-known and popular



song, "The Emigrant's Farewell," written by the poet in his pilgrim character on the eve of his departure from Scotland in 1819 :—

"Our native Land—our native Vale—
A long and last adieu !
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue !

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renowned in song ;
Farewell, ye blithesome braes and meads,
Our hearts have loved so long.

Farewell, ye broomy elfin knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow ;
Farewell, ye hoary haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe.

The battle-mound, the Border-tower,
That Scotia's annals tell ;
The martyr's grave, the lover's bower—
To each—to all—farewell !

Home of our hearts ! our father's home !
Land of the brave and free !
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee !

We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond the Atlantic main ;
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again :

But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we, or ours, forget thy name,
Green Island of our Sires!"

Pringle's abilities and attainments naturally gave him the position of leader of the colonists' band, who were known as the "Scotch Party," and he assumed the duties connected therewith as if he never had had any other aim or object in life. In his 'African Sketches,' he has given a lively and picturesque narrative of all the adventures which befel them from the time of their landing from the transport ships at Algoa Bay, until they pitched their tents in the (at that period) wild inland district allotted to them as a dwelling-place, and which he named "Glen-Lynden."* At the commencement of the settlement he found himself performing the somewhat incongruous functions of a sort of civil and military officer, of a medical practitioner, religious instructor, engineer, architect, gardener, plasterer, cabinet-maker, and even tinker.

* Vide "Notes to Poems," pp. 171-184.

He was in fact the chief man of the place, continually called upon and always ready to counsel or advise, or to turn his hand to anything ; and so far, most worthily giving an example of the impulse which may be communicated by a single individual, possessing intelligence and energy, in grappling with the new and novel circumstances of colonial life. At the same time, his relatives and others forming his party, having been trained from their earliest days to agricultural and sheep-farming operations, were well qualified for encountering the difficulties of their new position. At first they were sorely annoyed by wild beasts, and occasionally by the predatory forays of Bushmen and Caffers ; but with courageous hearts and strenuous hands they struggled with and surmounted these and other disadvantages of their situation. They soon built their "wattle-and-daub" cabins, cleared their lands for cultivation, trenched them for irrigation, planted gardens and orchards, and stocked their meadows with flocks and herds bought from their

South African Boer neighbours, and altogether prospered exceedingly well. The Colonial Government favoured them, too, by granting them a liberal extension of the boundaries of their location, so as to afford them an ample range of pasturage, and thus place them on a footing with the older colonists around them. In the epistle in rhyme, entitled the "Emigrant's Cabin,"* the poet gives a graphic picture of the settler's condition, and conveys the impression that he was happily occupied and contented with the pastoral life and primitive society around him. That life was varied by hunting and exploratory excursions throughout several parts of the frontier; and it was during these peregrinations he obtained so familiar a knowledge of the country, its scenery and its inhabitants, as to enable him afterwards to reproduce, with remarkable power of word-painting, their various peculiar features and characteristics, in his prose and poetical sketches.

* Page 30.

Pringle, however, had no intention of continuing to follow farming pursuits. The chief object he had in view in laying the foundations of the Glen-Lynden settlement was to see his father's family established in rural independence. By the end of two years, all that he could do to accomplish this and to promote their prosperity had been done, so far at least as depended upon his residence on the location. When his elder brother, William, with his family and some other relatives, arrived from Scotland in July 1822, he surrendered and transferred to them the possession of the lands he had occupied, and prepared himself to proceed to Cape Town, to fill a situation to which he had been appointed by the Colonial Government. The situation was that of sub-librarian of the South African Public Library, offered to him by the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, mainly through the interest exerted in his behalf at Downing Street by Sir Walter Scott, Sir John Barrow, and other influential literary friends.

The path of life now appeared to open brightly before him. Although the emoluments of his appointment as sub-librarian were insignificant, the duties were light; and he was encouraged to believe that by establishing an academy for the instruction of youth, and engaging in literary pursuits, he would be able to supplement his income, and at the same time benefit his fellow-colonists by the diffusion of useful information. Entertaining sanguine hopes of his success, and relying upon the support and patronage of the Government, he invited his former college companion, Mr. Fairbairn, an accomplished teacher, then at Newcastle-on-Tyne, to emigrate and join him in carrying out these projects. Mr. Fairbairn accepted the overtures made, and arrived in the colony in September 1823, when the permission of the Governor was solicited and obtained for opening a school in Cape Town. At the same time, after some importunity, the professed approval of Government was given to a proposal to publish a monthly magazine, alternately

in the English and Dutch languages. Messrs. Pringle and Fairbairn were the conductors of the English periodical, the *South African Journal*, and the Rev. A. Faure, a clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church, editor of the Dutch one, entitled *De Zuid Africkaansch Tydschrift*. For a little while, things went on smoothly and prosperously. The academy was flourishing and popular; and the first numbers of the magazine, whose pages were enriched by some of Pringle's poems and Fairbairn's essays and criticisms, met with much public favour amongst the Cape community.

Prior to this period there had been no independent press in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope. A printing-office, maintained and controlled by the local authorities, was in existence, but the annual round of its work consisted in the issue of handbills, proclamations, an almanac, and an official weekly paper, called the *Cape Gazette*, in which all subjects of public polity or general literature were cautiously avoided. The establishment of a Free Press was naturally regarded

with apprehension by a government which was of the most absolute and arbitrary type. Lord Charles Somerset, in whom that government was at this time vested, discountenanced and discouraged every attempt in the direction of opening such a field for political discussion ; and even in 1823, when Mr. George Greig, a gentleman who had been employed in the King's printing-office in England, memorialised for leave to issue a newspaper from which he pledged himself rigidly to exclude "personal controversy and all discussion of matters relating to the policy or administration of the government," the request met with what was tantamount to a distinct refusal. Mr. Greig, however, upon receiving this refusal, made inquiries whether any law existed which entitled the Governor to prevent his publishing a newspaper, and finding there was no such law, he determined to proceed without the Governor's assent. In January 1824, he issued the first number of the *South African Commercial Advertiser*, and shortly afterwards solicited and obtained the aid of Fairbairn and Pringle in its editorial management. The

new broad-sheet was hailed with delight as a medium of communicating information of a generally interesting and instructive character. It was continued from January until May, 1824, when seventeen numbers were printed. The last number contained some extracts from De Lolme, on the Freedom of the Press, with some editorial comments on the same subject. A report also had appeared, of the proceedings in a trial heard before the Court of Justice. This was an *ex officio* criminal prosecution for libel brought by His Majesty's Fiscal * against Messrs. Cooke, Edwards and Hoffman. The first-named was charged with having written and signed a memorial to the Lords of the Treasury, accusing the Collector of Customs of having committed some mal-practices in the distribution of prize negroes; the second, with having drawn up and forwarded this memorial to the Governor for transmission to the Lords of the Treasury; and the third, with having copied the document and prepared it for intended publication. It is a striking illus-

* Law officer of the Crown.

tration of the close despotism of the time that the parties concerned in the framing of this memorial should have been indicted for "an open violation of the law tending to disturb the peace and tranquillity, and to set an example to other malevolent persons, the imitation of which would influence most perniciously the peaceable and moral disposition and habits of the colony, and therefore not to be tolerated in a land of justice, but on the contrary, for an example to deter others from doing the same, should be visited with public and corporal punishment." It is satisfactory to know that the court rejected the application of the Fiscal, and acquitted the accused of the charges brought against them.


Shortly afterwards, another charge was brought against Edwards, who was practising the profession of a notary. His offence on this occasion consisted in having addressed a letter to Lord Charles Somerset, in which he introduced some imputations on the Governor's personal character. The letters were given to the Fiscal, who immediately commenced a criminal prosecution for libel,

founded on their contents. The Court, without hearing any witnesses, found Edwards guilty, and under the provisions of the Dutch law sentenced him to seven years' transportation.* During the trial, Edwards energetically insisted on his right to be tried according to the mode of procedure for libel in England; and in the course of his address to the Court violently aspersed the character of the Governor. Lord Charles Somerset was apprehensive that the proceedings would be published; and under his instructions the Fiscal, a few hours after the adjournment of the Court, made a demand upon Mr. Greig for the proof-sheets of the *Commercial Advertiser* which was to appear next day, at the same time prohibiting the paper being struck off till further directions were given. The official order for the production of the proof-sheets was complied with, and as it appeared that in the report of Edwards' trial

* Edwards was transported to New South Wales, and on arrival there was identified as a runaway convict of the name of Lookay, who had been convicted some years before at the Gloucester assizes on a charge of stealing a gig and horses.

all that was offensive and irrelevant in the proceedings had been carefully excluded, the Fiscal returned them with a qualified *imprimatur*, not approving of the whole contents, but allowing the paper to be printed. He required of the publisher, however, to give substantial security that nothing offensive should appear in any future number. Greig, with his friends Fairbairn and Pringle, at once determined upon the course to be pursued; and next morning it was announced that they disdained as British subjects to submit to the degradation of a censorship of the press, and therefore discontinued the publication of the paper pending an appeal to the British Government.

The action thus taken greatly incensed the Governor, who issued an instrument under the name of a "warrant," directing the Fiscal to repair to Greig's printing-office, and to seal up his presses until His Majesty's pleasure should be known. The warrant further directed the Fiscal to notify to Greig, that as "his conduct had proved subversive of due submission to the lawful commands of the constituted authorities," he was to quit the



colony in one month, in default of which he was to be arrested and sent out of it. This order of banishment was issued after the opinion of the Chief Justice had been taken as to the legality of the measure ; * but Lord Charles Somerset on cooler reflection withdrew it, and signified that Mr. Greig might remain in the colony. The latter, however, resolved to proceed to England without delay, in order to submit

* The Chief Justice (Sir J. Truter) and the Fiscal (Mr. Denysen) advised that the right of political removal from the colony was sanctioned by the law of Holland, and had been exercised on several previous occasions by the Colonial Government with the approval of the mother-country. But when the circumstances of the case were afterwards submitted to the Crown lawyers in England, Sir James Stephen gave his opinion very clearly that the exercise by the Governor of the power of banishment was an illegal and an unconstitutional act. He held that while the Cape of Good Hope was in the military occupation of His Majesty during the war with the United Provinces, such power might, perhaps, have been given to the officer in charge of His Majesty's forces ; but after the cession of the settlement to the British Crown (in 1814) the laws of war were at an end, and the inhabitants became entitled to the benefits of the British Constitution, so far as they could be imparted to them compatibly with the Dutch code. No authority less than that of the King in Parliament would be competent to invest the Governor of a colony with powers so unusual and so formidable.


his case to Lord Bathurst, then Secretary of State for the Colonies. He was ultimately successful in his appeal. He was fully exonerated from the charge of sedition brought against him; the exercise of any control or censorship of the press was withdrawn, and a written authority was given that his license to publish should be liable to be cancelled by the Governor in Council only, and not by the Governor.

Meanwhile the conduct of the Government in interfering with the Press raised a clamour in Cape Town, which Lord Charles Somerset, writing to Lord Bathurst, said, "I can only describe by calling to your lordship's recollection the clamour that existed in London relative to the Queen (Caroline) in 1820." A memorial to the King praying for the freedom of the press was drawn up and numerous signed. The names of Pringle and Fairbairn were foremost amongst the signatures; and the vice-regal displeasure was soon visited upon them. The Fiscal found in the second number of the *South African Journal* what he considered to be improper observations

on the colonial administration, and he conveyed to Pringle an official warning that if he persisted in the publication of remarks reflecting upon the Government, or obnoxious to it, he would expose himself to the consequences of a prosecution. The passages chiefly objected to were contained in an article that describes the prospects of the English emigrants in South Africa, in which, amongst the causes of their distressed situation at that time, were enumerated "an arbitrary system of government; the abuse of power by local functionaries, and a vacillating and inefficient system pursued with regard to the Caffers." The observations which immediately followed qualified the preceding strictures by attributing the evil consequences to a mistaken system, which having been established had been conscientiously upheld by the colonial authorities. In consequence of the Fiscal's communication, Pringle and Fairbairn thought it "inconsistent with their personal safety" to continue the publication of the Journal; and at once notified their decision to the Government, as well as to the public.

This determination took Lord Charles Somerset by surprise. A few days after he sent for Pringle, and an interview took place, the particulars of which will be found in the narrative giving an account of the "State of the Cape in 1824." * The Governor finding he had misapprehended Pringle's character, endeavoured to induce him to continue the Journal ; Pringle, however, objected to renew the publication until the colonial press should be placed upon some more defined and permanent footing ; and he resigned his situation as sub-librarian, on the ground that the Governor had accused him of insulting the Government and of compromising his duty as a public servant in signing a memorial to His Majesty the King. After this Pringle and Fairbairn found themselves subject to the whole force of Government opposition in all their pursuits. Their academy was proscribed, and pupils gradually withdrew from it. Arrangements were made for opening a new grammar school under official patronage—Lord Charles himself, in a despatch to the Secretary

* Vide "Notes to the Poems," p. 258.



of State, lamenting that there was no other school but that kept by Pringle and Fairbairn, and remarking, "It is shocking to reflect on the system that I am told they pursue to instil into the minds of the youth under their charge the most disgusting principles of Republicanism—forming debating societies amongst the pupils, and learning by heart and writing out extracts, tending to those dangerous sentiments."

Finding it impossible to keep his ground against the indirect but irresistible hostilities of the Governor, Pringle resolved to arrange his affairs with a view to leaving the colony. Prior to his departure, however, he once more visited his friends at Glen-Lynden, and had the satisfaction of seeing the little settlement he had assisted in planting in tolerable circumstances, its members all enjoying a goodly share of "health, competence and peace." * It was at this time he addressed a communication to the Royal Commissioners of Inquiry, in which he candidly acknowledged the good understanding that had unin-

* Vide "Notes to Poems," p. 283.

terruptedly prevailed between the Government and the settlers of his party. "Having of late," he said, "found myself imperatively called upon to convey to you very severe strictures on particular points in the recent administration of the Colonial Government, I now turn with far more pleasant feelings to speak of its conduct towards my party and myself, as settlers, with almost unqualified approbation. Nor is this acknowledgment due from me to one or two individuals only; but to the heads of the Government and the Colonial Secretaries, not less than the local functionaries. From the day of our first arrival on the location down to the present time, our party has experienced from the local authorities of the district, the Landdrost, &c., every possible attention to their comfort, safety and success; and it is also my duty to state (nor shall any recent personal annoyances prevent me from freely and fully stating it) that H.E. Lord Charles Somerset has continued towards the Scotch party the same friendly support and encouragement, which they constantly experienced from the late Acting Governor (Sir R. Donkin),

and from the Colonial Secretaries, Mr. Ellis and Colonel Bird."

While the Commissioners of Inquiry were engaged in their labours, investigating the affairs of the colony, Pringle was in frequent correspondence with them on the subject of various abuses in the local administration, the treatment and the amelioration of the condition of the coloured race, and the protection of the frontier ; and he received a handsome expression of their thanks for the trouble he had taken. It was at this time that, profiting by the experience the Scotch party at Glen-Lynden had had, of the suitableness of the Hottentots as a border guard, he suggested the plan for defending the eastern frontier by a settlement of Hottentots, which was afterwards carried out by Sir A. Stockenstrom. He also took an active part in the movement for the relief of the distressed settlers in Albany—who were suffering from unprecedented floods and failure of crops—and he prepared a pamphlet giving an account of the condition of the settlers, which resulted in the col-

lection of very substantial aid from England and from India.

In 1826, Pringle left the Cape of Good Hope and returned to England. When he arranged his affairs and made up his accounts at Cape Town, he found they showed a balance against him of £1000, arising chiefly from the suppression of his magazine and the failure of his school; and on reaching London he submitted to the Secretary of State a claim for compensation or indemnity for these losses. This application, however, proved fruitless. He was informed that the suppression of the magazine and his resignation were voluntary acts of his own, and not imposed upon him by the Government; and Lord Bathurst intimated that as he had left the Cape, he had placed it out of his lordship's power to assist him. This settled the matter. Pringle had to look elsewhere for help and support for his family; and he temporarily found some occupation in literary work, contributing both to the newspapers and to the *Annals*. Soon afterwards he made a collection of his

earlier compositions in verse, and added to them a series of later ones, written during his residence in South Africa. These were published in 1828 by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., under the modest title of 'Ephemerides.' The South African poems were dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, in the lines :—

“From deserts wild and many a pathless wood
Of savage clime, where I have wandered long,
Whose hills and streams are yet ungraced by song,
I bring, illustrious friend, this garland rude,
Fresh from coy Nature's virgin solitude.”

Among the collection there was one poem which immediately fascinated the public. This was the poetic reverie, “Afar in the Desert.”* Coleridge, when he first met with it, was so completely taken possession of, that he did little else but read and recite it, now to this group and now to that, and in a letter to the author he wrote, “I do not hesitate to declare it among the two or three most perfect lyrics in our language.” In it and other productions, Pringle represented, as no one else had hitherto

* Vide page 48.

done, the varying phases of South African scenery and life. He brought home to the vivid conception of the reader the wide-extending plains of the desert Karoo, and the strange sense of solitude which is realised by who-soever travels over them. He pictured minutely the wild grandeur of the mountains, and the pastoral beauty of the grassy parks and glades of the eastern frontier districts and of Cafferland, even preserving the appropriate atmosphere, as he described his "Evening Rambles," when—

"The sultry summer noon is past,
And mellow evening comes at last,
With a low and languid breeze
Fanning the mimosa trees
That cluster o'er the yellow vale,
And oft perfume the panting gale
With fragrance faint."

Equally graphic were his descriptions of the inhabitants of the wilds of South Africa ;—the roguish Bushmen, the mild, listless Hottentot, and the hunting and warring Caffer. There were no traditionary impulses or romantic associations in these names to afford material for song ;

but by the exercise of the true poetic faculty he seems to have thrown himself into the spirit of aboriginal life, portraying their manners and customs, and giving expression to their thoughts and feelings, with a power of genius which has ever since served to excite and call into activity a large portion of sympathy for the natives of Southern Africa.

By a remarkable dispensation of Providence, Pringle, shortly after his arrival in England, was offered an office for which his previous training and experience, as well as his character, specially qualified him. This was the post of Secretary to the Society for the Abolition of Slavery. What he had witnessed at the Cape of Good Hope—where the character of slavery was said to be comparatively mild—had served to deepen his abhorrence of the atrocious system, and to strengthen his desire to assist in removing the evils arising from all prejudices of race and colour, and to secure for the helpless and oppressed their natural rights. For a period of seven years, during which the anti-slavery crusade was

vigorously continued, he discharged the duties connected with this new work with the utmost devotion ; and the importance of his services was acknowledged by Wilberforce, Fowell Buxton, Clarkson, Zacharys, Macaulay, Lord Brougham, and others, who were associated with him as the leaders of the movement. When the Abolition Act was finally passed, a document was published, signed " Thomas Pringle," reciting the provisions of the law which declared slavery abolished throughout the Dominions of Great Britain (at a cost to the Imperial treasury of twenty millions sterling) ; ascribing the honour of the triumph to the Almighty, and calling upon all persons interested in the cause to devote the appointed day of manumission—1st August, 1834—to His service and praise.

This was the conclusion of Pringle's public labours ; for on the following day he was seized with an illness which soon afterwards terminated his life. There were grounds for suspicion that organic disease in the lungs had commenced ; and as the only chance of recovery rested upon his removal to a warmer climate, a voyage to the

Cape was recommended. His friends had already interested themselves to procure for him from Government an appointment in the colony ; and he himself had conceived a hope that, after his recent work, which had brought him specially into relationship with the African population, he might fittingly receive some office as a resident civil functionary on the frontier of Cafferland, where he would have opportunities of promoting the interests of humanity and civilisation. The Colonial Department declared its inability to give any assurance of an appointment ; but Mr. Secretary Spring Rice gave him a letter recommending him to the attention of the Governor, Sir Benjamin Durban, who might have it in his power to render him assistance and advance his interests in the colony. Meanwhile the symptoms of Pringle's disease became aggravated, and all idea of proceeding on a voyage to South Africa was abandoned. " On the 5th December, 1834," says one of his biographers, " he gently passed out of life ; and the friend who held the hand that was stretched out to bid him farewell in the approach of

death, felt nothing but the passive throb of the frame from which the spirit had already disengaged itself, to return to its Father and Redeemer."

Thomas Pringle died in his forty-sixth year. His remains were interred in Bunhill-Fields, where a simple stone bears an inscription to his memory,—testifying that "in the walks of British literature he was known as a man of genius; in the domestic circle he was loved as an affectionate relative and faithful friend; in the wide sphere of Humanity he was revered as the advocate and protector of the oppressed; he left among the children of the African desert a memorial of his Philanthropy; he bequeathed to his fellow-countrymen an example of enduring Virtue, having lived to witness the cause in which he had ardently and energetically laboured, triumph in the emancipation of the negro; and he was himself called from the bondage of this world to the enjoyment of Eternal Liberty."

J. N.

THE MONTROSE GARDENS,
Cape Town, 1881.

POEMS.



INTRODUCTORY STANZAS.

SWEET Teviot, fare thee well ! Less gentle themes
Far distant call me from thy pastoral dale,
To climes where Amakosa's woods and streams
Invite, in the fair South, my venturous sail.
There roaming sad the solitary vale,
From native haunts and early friends exiled,
I tune no more the string for Scottish tale ;
For to my aching heart, in accents wild,
Appeals the bitter cry of Afric's race reviled.

From Keisi's meads, from Chumi's hoary woods,
Bleak Tarka's dens, and Stormberg's rugged fells,

'To where Gareep pours down his sounding floods
'Through regions where the hunted Bushman dwells,
'That bitter cry wide o'er the desert swells,
And, like a spirit's voice, demands the song
'That of these savage haunts the story tells—
A tale of foul oppression, fraud, and wrong,
By Afric's sons endured from Christian Europe long.

Adieu, ye lays to youthful fancy dear !
Let darker scenes a sterner verse inspire,
While I attune to strains that tyrants fear
'The deeper murmurs of the British lyre,—
And from a holier altar ask the fire
To point the indignant line with heavenly light,
(Though soon again in darkness to expire,)
That it oppression's cruel pride may blight,
By flashing TRUTH's full blaze on deeds long hid in
night !




THE EMIGRANTS.

SWEET Teviot ! by adventurous Leyden sung,
And famed by mighty Scott in deathless lays,
I may not hope, with far less gifted tongue,
Aught higher to advance thy classic praise ;
Yet, as a son his pious tribute pays
To the loved mother he has left behind,
I fain some grateful monument would raise,
Which in far foreign lands may call to mind
The scenes that Scottish hearts to their dear country
bind.

And, though the last and lowliest of the train
By haunted Teviot smit with love of song,

(Sweet witchery that charms full many a pain !)
I join with venturous voice the minstrel throng :
For NATURE is the nurse to whom belong
Alike the thrush that cheers the broomy dale,
And the proud swan that, on bold pinions strong,
Through the far tracts of ether dares to sail,
And pours 'mid scenes sublime his soul-subduing wail.

No perilous theme I meditate : To me
To soar 'mid clouds and storms hath not been
given ;
Or through the gates of Dread and Mystery
To gaze—like those dark spirits who have striven
To rend the veil that severs Earth from Heaven :
For I have loved with simple hearts to dwell,
That ne'er to Doubt's forbidden springs were
driven,
But lived sequestered in life's lowly dell,
And drank the untroubled stream from Inspiration's
well.



Such were thy virtuous sons, fair Teviotdale,
While old simplicity was yet in prime ;
But now among thy glens the faithful fail,
Forgetful of our sires in olden time :
That grey-haired race is gone—of look sublime,
Calm in demeanour, courteous, and sincere ;
Yet stern, when duty called them, as their clime
When it flings off the autumnal foliage sere,
And shakes the shuddering woods with solemn voice
severe.

And such were they whose tale I now rehearse—
But not to fashion's minions, who in vain
Would ask amusement from the artless verse
Of one who sings to soothe long hours of pain :
A nameless exile o'er the southern main,
I pour 'mid savage wilds my pensive song ;
And if some gentle spirits love the strain,
Enough for me, though midst the louder throng
Few may be found to prize, or listen to it long.

A rustic home in Lynden's pastoral dell
With modest pride a verdant hillock crowned ;
Where the bold stream, like dragon from the fell,
Came glittering forth, and, gently gliding round
The broom-clad skirts of that fair spot of ground,
Danced down the vale, in wanton mazes bending ;
Till finding where it reached the meadow's bound,
Romantic Teviot on his bright course wending,
It joined the sounding streams—with his blue waters
blending.


Behind, a lofty wood along the steep
Fenced from the chill north-east this quiet glen ;
And green hills, gaily sprinkled o'er with sheep,
Spread to the south ; while by the bughting-pen
Rose the blithe sound of flocks and hounds and men,
At summer dawn and gloaming ; or the voice
Of children nutting in the hazelly den,
Sweet mingling with the wind's and water's noise,
Attuned the softened heart with Nature to rejoice.

Upon the upland height a mouldering Tower,
By time and outrage marked with many a scar,
Told of past days of feudal pomp and power
When its proud chieftains ruled the dales afar.
But that was long gone by : and waste and war,
And civil strife more ruthless still than they,
Had quenched the lustre of Glen-Lynden's star—
Which glimmered now, with dim declining ray,
O'er this secluded spot,—sole remnant of their sway.

A grave mild husbandman was Lynden's lord,
Who, smiling o'er these wrecks of grandeur gone,
Had for the plough-share changed the warrior's sword
Which, like his sires, he erst had girded on.
And on his toils relenting Fortune shone,
And blessed his fruitful fields and fleecy store ;
And she he loved in youth, and loved alone,
Was his : ah, what could wealth have added more,
Save pride and peevish cares which haunt the rich
man's door ?

Vain wealth or rank could ne'er have won such love
As that devoted bosom's—lofty, warm,—
Which, while it blooms below, puts forth above.
Celestial shoots secure from earthly harm.
And now his pleasant home and pastoral farm
Are all the world to him : he feels no sting
Of restless passions ; but, with grateful arm,
Clasps the twin cherubs round his neck that cling,
Breathing their innocent thoughts like violets in
Spring.

Another prattler, too, lisps on his knee,
The orphan daughter of a hapless pair,
Who, voyaging upon the Indian sea,
Met the fierce typhon-blast—and perished there :
But she was left the rustic home to share
Of those who her young mother's friends had been ;
And old affection thus enhanced the care
With which those faithful guardians loved to screen
This sweet forsaken flower, in their wild arbours green.




With their twin children dark-eyed Helen grew—
(Arthur and Anna were the kindred twain)—
And she, the engrafted germ, appeared to view
So like a younger sister, that 'twere pain
To think that group should ever part again :
They grew, like three fair roses on one stalk,
In budding beauty yet without a stain :
So the fond parents said in kindly talk,
Nor dreamt how frowning fate their blooming hopes
would balk.

But dark calamity comes aye too soon—
And why anticipate its evil day?
Ah, rather let us now in lovely June
O'erlook these happy children at their play :
Lo, where they gambol through the garden gay,
Or round the hoary hawthorn dance and sing,
Or, 'neath yon moss-grown cliff, grotesque and grey,
Sit plaiting flowery wreaths in social ring,
And telling wondrous tales of the green Elfin King.


And Elfin lore and ancient Border song
The mother, smiling o'er the eager train,
Would often chant in winter evenings long—
And oft they pressed the pleasing task again :
But still she warned them that such tales were vain,
And but the dotage of a darker time ;
And urged them better knowledge to attain
While yet their pliant minds were in their prime,
And open for the seed of Scripture truth sublime.

Then would she tell—and in far other tone—
Of evil times gone by and evil men—
“ When they who worshipped God must meet alone
At midnight, in the cleugh or quaking-fen,
In peril and alarm,—for round them then
Were ranging those who hunted for their blood :
Ay ! long shall we remember !—In this glen,
From yon grim cavern where the screech-owls
brood
Our ancestor was dragged, like outlaw from the wood !




“He died a victim ; and his ancient lands,
Held by Glen-Lynden’s lords since Bruce’s day,
Have passed for ever to the spoiler’s hands !”—
—“Hush thee !” the father then would gently say ;
“’Twas Heaven’s good pleasure we that debt
 should pay—
Perchance for guilt of those fierce feudal lords,
Who, void of pity, when they shared the prey,
Full often in the balance flung their swords,
And wasted orphans’ lands with their marauding hordes.”

Such was their talk around the evening hearth :
And mildly thus, as the young playmates grew,
They taught them to join trembling with their mirth ;
For life is but a pilgrim’s passage through
A waste, where springs of joy are faint and few :
Yet, lest this thought their hearts too much o’ercast,
They oft would turn to lightsome themes anew :
For youth’s hilarity we must not blast,
But lead it kindly on to wisdom’s paths at last.




Fain would I linger 'mong those fairy bowers,
Aloof from manhood's feverish hopes and fears,
Where Innocence among the vernal flowers
Leads young Delight, aye laughing through his tears ;
But lo ! the cruel spectre Time appears,
Half hid amidst the foliage bright with bloom,
Weaving his ceaseless web of hours and years,
Still onward dyed with deeper hues of gloom—
And Death behind stands darkly—pointing to the tomb !

Ay ! Time's harsh hand for youth nor age will stay—
And I must hasten with my lagging strain.
Years steal on years : the locks are wearing grey
On either parent's brow : the youthful train
Have long outgrown their childish pastimes vain :
On Arthur's manly features we may trace
High thought and feeling, checked by anxious pain ;
And, in each timid maiden's milder face,
Some shade of pensive care with woman's opening
 grace.




So young—so innocent—can grief's dark cloud
Thus early o'er their hearts its shadow fling?
Affliction's angel, though he crush the proud,
Might pass the humble with relenting wing!
Yet death has not been here; nor hath the sting
Of baleful passion touched one gentle breast:
Whence then can venom'd care and sorrow spring,
In this calm seat of love and pious rest?
And the dear parent twain—why look they so
distressed?

Ah! evil days have fallen upon the land:
A storm that brooded long has burst at last;
And friends, like forest trees that closely stand,
With roots and branches interwoven fast,
May aid awhile each other in the blast;
But as when giant pines at length give way
The groves below must share the ruin vast,
So men, who seemed aloof from Fortune's sway,
Fall crushed beneath the shock of loftier than they.




Even so it fared. And dark round Lynden grew
Misfortune's troubles ; and foreboding fears,
That rose like distant shadows, nearer drew,
O'ercasting the calm evening of his years :
Yet still amidst the gloom fair Hope appears,
A rainbow in the cloud. And, for a space,
Till the horizon closes round, or clears,
Returns our tale the enchanted paths to trace
Where Youth's fond visions rise with fair but fleeting
 grace.

Far up the dale, where Lynden's ruined towers
O'erlooked the valley from the old oak wood,
A lake, blue-gleaming from deep forest bowers,
Spread its fair mirror to the landscape rude :
Oft by the margin of that quiet flood,
And through the groves and hoary ruins round,
Young Arthur loved to roam in lonely mood ;
Or, here, amid tradition's haunted ground,
Long silent hours to lie in mystic musings drowned.



Bold feats of war, fierce feuds of elder times,
And wilder Elfin legends,—half forgot,
And half preserved in uncouth ballad rhymes,—
Had peopled with romantic tales the spot :
And, here, save bleat of sheep, or simple note
Of shepherd's pipe far on the upland lone,
Or linnet in the bush and lark afloat
Blithe carolling, or stock-dove's plaintive moan,
No sound of living thing through the long day was
known.

No sound—save, aye, one small brook's tinkling dash
Down the grey mossy cliffs ; and, midst the lake,
The quick trout springing oft with gamesome plash :
And wild ducks rustling in the sedgy brake ;
And sighing winds that scarce the willows shake ;
And hum of bees among the blossomed thyme ;
And pittering song of grasshoppers—that make
Throughout the glowing meads their mirthful chime ;
All rich and soothing sounds of summer's fragrant prime.



Here, by the fairy brooklet's sylvan side,
Young Arthur, deep-entranced in poet's dream,
His bosom's bashful ecstasy to hide
Would fling him by the hazel-margined stream,
Giving free fancy rein,—till twilight's gleam
Died in the rosy west; the summer-day
All, all too brief for the enthusiast theme,
Though voice nor verse gave utterance to the lay
That from the up-gushing fount of rapture welled
away.

Not sounding verse, but sweet and silent tears,
Poured forth unbidden far from mortal eye,
Formed the pure offering of the blissful years
When first he wooed the enchantress, Poesy,
And found for glowing thought expression high
In moaning forest and deep-murmuring flood,
In every gorgeous cloud that streaked the sky,
In every beauteous hue that tinged the wood,
In each expressive change of Nature's fitful mood.


Thus passed his lonely hours the dreaming boy,
Erewhile, romantic reveries to frame ;
Or read adventurous tales with thrilling joy,
Till his young breast throbbed high with thirst of
fame ;

But with fair manhood's dawn Love's tender flame
'Gan mingle with his minstrel musings high ;
And trembling wishes,—which he feared to name,
Yet oft betrayed in many a half-drawn sigh,—
Told that the hidden shaft deep in his heart did lie.

And there were eyes that from long silken lashes
With stolen glance could spy his secret pain,—
Soft hazel eyes, whose dewy light out-flashes
Like joyous day-spring after summer rain :
And she, sweet Helen, loved the youth again
With maiden's first affection, fond and true.
—Ah ! youthful love is like the tranquil main,
Heaving 'neath smiling skies its bosom blue—
Beautiful as a spirit—calm but fearful too !

And forth they wander, that fair girl and boy,
To roam in gladness through the summer bowers ;
Of love they talk not, but love's tender joy
Breathes from their hearts like fragrance from the
Elysium opens round them ; and the hours [flowers :
Glide on unheeded, till grey Twilight's shade
Wraps in its wizard shroud the ivied towers,
And fills with mystic shapes the forest glade—
And wakes “thick-coming fancies” in strange guise
arrayed.

And oft they linger those lone haunts among,
Though darker fall the shadows of the wood,
And the witch-owl invokes with fitful song
The phantom train of Superstition's brood,
A gentle Star lights up their solitude,
And lends fair hues to all created things ;
And dreams alone of beings pure and good
Hover around their hearts with angel wings—
Hearts, like sweet fountains sealed, where silent
rapture springs.




I may not here their growing passion paint,
Or their day-dreams of cloudless bliss disclose :
I may not tell how hope deferred grew faint,
When griefs and troubles in far vista rose :
As the woods tremble ere the tempest blows,
How quaked their hearts (misled by treacherous fears)
When that fell nightmare of the soul's repose,
Green Jealousy his snaky crest uprears,
Whose breath of mildew blights the cherished faith
of years.

* * * * *

'Tis Autumn's pensive noon : no zephyr's breath
The withered foliage in the woods is shaking ;
Their feeble song the mournful birds bequeath
To the sere coverts they are fast forsaking.
And now their last farewell that pair are taking ;
For Arthur, bound to Indian climes, must leave
These early haunts. Each silent heart is breaking—
Yet both attempt to hide how much they grieve—
And each, deceived in turn, the other doth deceive ;


How can they part?—The lake, the woods, the hills,
Speak to their pensive hearts of early days ;
Remembrance woos them from the haunted rills,
And hallows every spot their eye surveys :
Some sweet memorial of their infant plays,
Some tender token of their bashful loves,
Each rock, and tree, and sheltered nook displays :
How can they part?—Nature the crime reproves,
And their commingling souls to milder purpose
moves !

For what were life—ah, what were weary life,
Without each other, in this world of care ?
A voyage through wild seas of storm and strife,
Without an aim for which to struggle there.
But, blessed in wedded hopes, how sweet to share
The gladness or the grief that life may bring !
Then join, relenting Love ! this gentle pair ;
Let worldly hearts to gold and grandeur cling ;
Around the lowly cot thy turtles sweetest sing.



Yes! they shall part no more! Those downcast eyes,
And blushes mantling o'er the changeful cheek—
The plighted kiss—the tears—the trembling sighs—
The head upon his arm declining meek—
Tell, far more tenderly than words can speak,
How that devoted heart is all his own!
Oh, Love is eloquent!—but language weak
To paint the feelings to chaste bosoms known,
When Transport's heavenly wings are sweetly round
them thrown!

And now the lake, the hills, the yellow woods,
Are bathed in beauty by the parting ray:
Through earth and air a hallowed rapture broods,
And starting tears confess its mystic sway:
As home they wend, amidst the year's decay,
Some magic spell the hues of Eden throws
O'er every scene that, on their outward way,
Told but of pleasures past and coming woes;
Such the enchanted radiance heartfelt bliss bestows.




Oh Nature! by impassioned hearts alone
Thy genuine charms are felt. The vulgar mind
Sees but the shadow of a Power Unknown :
Thy loftier beauties beam not to the blind
And sensual throng, to grovelling hopes resigned :
But they whom high and holy thoughts inspire,
Adore thee, in celestial glory shrined
In that diviner fane where Love's pure fire
Burns bright, and Genius tunes his rapt immortal lyre !

* * * * *


Change we once more the strain. The sire has
told

The heart-struck group of dark disaster nigh :
Their old paternal home must now be sold,
And that last relic of their ancestry
Resigned to strangers. Long and strenuously
He strove to stem the flood's o'erwhelming mass ;
But still some fresh unseen calamity
Burst like a foaming billow—till, alas !
No hope remains that this their sorest grief may pass.



“Yet be not thus dismayed. Our altered lot
He that ordains will brace us to endure.
This changeful world affords no sheltered spot.
Where man may count his frail possessions sure :
Our better birthright, noble, precious, pure,
May well console for earthly treasures marred,—
Treasures, alas ! how vain and insecure,
Where none from rust and robbery can guard :
The wise man looks to heaven alone for his reward.”

The Christian father thus. But whither now
Shall the bewildered band their course direct ?
What home shall shield that matron's honoured brow.
And those dear pensive maids from wrong protect ?
Or cheer them 'mid the world's unkind neglect ?
That world to the unfortunate so cold,
While lavish of its smiles and fair respect
Unto the proud, the prosperous, the bold ;
Still shunning want and woe ; still courting pomp
and gold.



Shall they adopt the poor retainer's trade,
And sue for pity from the great and proud ?
No ! never shall ungenerous souls upbraid
Their conduct in adversity—which bowed
But not debased them. Or, amidst the crowd,
In noisome towns shall they themselves immure,
Their wants, their woes, their weary days to shroud
In some mean melancholy nook obscure ?
No ! worthier tasks await, and brighter scenes allure.

A land of climate fair and fertile soil,
Teeming with milk and wine and waving corn,
Invites from far the venturous Briton's toil :¹
And thousands, long by fruitless cares foreworn,
Are now across the wide Atlantic borne,
To seek new homes on Afric's southern strand :
Better to launch with them than sink forlorn
To vile dependence in our native land ;
Better to fall in God's than man's unfeeling hand !

¹ *Vide* Notes to Poems.

With hearts resigned they tranquilly prepare
To share the fortunes of that exile train.
And soon with many a follower, forth they fare—
High hope and courage in their hearts again :
And now, afloat upon the dark-blue main,
They gaze upon the fast-receding shore
With tearful eyes—while thus the ballad strain,
Half heard amidst the ocean's weltering roar,
Bids farewell to the scenes they ne'er shall visit
more :—

“ Our native Land—our native Vale—

A long and last adieu !

Farewell to bonny Teviot-dale,


And Cheviot-mountains blue !

“ Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,

And streams renowned in song ;

Farewell, ye blithesome braes and meads

Our hearts have loved so long.



“ Farewell, ye broomy elfin knowes,
 Where thyme and harebells grow !
Farewell, ye hoary haunted howes,
 O'erhung with birk and sloe.

“ The battle-mound, the Border-tower,
 That Scotia's annals tell ;
The martyr's grave, the lover's bower—
 To each—to all—farewell !

“ Home of our hearts ! our fathers' home !
 Land of the brave and free !
The sail is flapping on the foam
 That bears us far from thee !

“ We seek a wild and distant shore
 Beyond the Atlantic main ;
We leave thee to return no more,
 Nor view thy cliffs again :

“ But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we, or ours, forget thy name,
Green Island of our Sires !

“ Our native Land—our native Vale—
A long, a last adieu !
Farewell to bonny Teviot-dale,
And Scotland's mountains blue.”

HUNTSCHAW, *Sept.* 21, 1819.

AN EMIGRANT'S SONG.

OH, Maid of the Tweed, wilt thou travel with me,
To the wilds of South Africa, far o'er the sea,²
Where the blue mountains tow'r in the beautiful clime,
Hung round with huge forests all hoary with time ?
I'll build thee a cabin beside the clear fount,
Where it leaps into light from the heart of the mount,
Ere yet its fresh footsteps have found the fair meads
Where among the tall lilies the antelope feeds.

Our home, like a beehive, shall stand by the wood
Where the lory and turtle-dove nurse their young
brood,

And the golden-plumed paroquet waves his bright
wings

From the bough where the green-monkey gambols
and swings :

With the high rocks behind us, the valley before,
The hills on each side with our flocks speckled o'er,
And the far-sweeping river oft glancing between,
With the heifers reclined on its margins of green.

There, rich in the wealth which a bountiful soil
Pours forth to repay the glad husbandman's toil ;
Content with the Present, at peace with the Past,
No cloud on the Future our joys to o'ercast ;
Like our brave Scottish sires in the blithe Olden
Day,

The heart will keep young though the temples wax
grey ;


While love's Olive Plants round our table shall rise—
Engrafted with Hopes that bear fruit in the Skies.

THE EMIGRANT'S CABIN AT THE CAPE.

AN EPISTLE IN RHYME.

WHERE the young river, from its wild ravine,
Winds pleasantly through Eildon's pastures green,—
With fair acacias waving on its banks,
And willows bending o'er in graceful ranks,
And the steep mountain rising close behind,
To shield us from the Snowberg's* wintry wind,—
Appears my rustic cabin, thatched with reeds,
Upon a knoll amid the grassy meads ;
And, close beside it, looking o'er the lea,
Our summer-seat beneath an umbra-tree.

* The Sneeuwberg mountain range, in district of Graaff Reinet.



This morning, musing in that favourite seat,
My hound, old Yarrow, dreaming at my feet,
I pictured you, sage Fairbairn³ at my side,
By some good Genie wafted cross the tide ;
And, after cordial greetings, thus went on
In Fancy's Dream our colloquy, dear John.

P.—Enter, my friend, our beehive-cottage door :
No carpet hides the humble earthen floor,
But it is hard as brick, clean-swept, and cool.
You must be wearied? Take that jointed stool ;
Or on this couch of leopard-skin recline ;
You'll find it soft—the workmanship is mine.

F.—Why, Pringle, yes—your cabin's snug enough,
Though oddly shaped. But as for household stuff,
I only see some rough-hewn sticks and spars ;
A wicker cupboard, filled with flasks and jars ;
A pile of books, on rustic frame-work placed ;
Hides of ferocious beasts that roam the waste ;

Whose kindred prowl, perchance, around this spot—
 The only neighbours, I suspect, you've got!
 Your furniture, rude from the forest cut,
 However, is in keeping with the hut.
 This couch feels pleasant: is 't with grass you stuff it?
 So far I should not care with you to rough it.
 But—pardon me for seeming somewhat rude—
 In this wild place how manage ye for food?

P.—You'll find, at least, my friend, we do not starve:
 There's always mutton, if nought else, to carve;
 And even of luxuries we have our share.
 But here comes dinner (the best bill of fare),
 Drest by that 'Nut-Brown Maiden,' Vytjè Vaal.⁴
 [*To the Hottentot Girl.*] Meid, roep de Juffrouwen
 naar 't middagmaal:

[*To F.*] Which means—'The ladies into dinner call.'

[*Enter Mrs. P. and her Sister, who welcome their
 Guest to Africa. The party take their seats
 round the table, and conversation proceeds.*

P.—First, here's our broad-tailed mutton,⁵ small and
fine,

The dish on which nine days in ten we dine ;
Next, roasted springbok, spiced and larded well ;
A haunch of hartèbeest from Hyndhope Fell ;
A paauw, which beats your Norfolk turkey hollow ;
Korhaan, and Guinea-fowl, and pheasant follow ;⁶
Kid carbonadjies, à-la-Hottentot,
Broiled on a forkèd twig ; and, peppered hot
With Chili pods, a dish called Caffer-stew ;
Smoked ham of porcupine, and tongue of gnu.
This fine white household bread (of Margaret's baking)
Comes from an oven too of my own making,
Scooped from an ant-hill. Did I ask before
If you would taste this brawn of forest-boar ?

Our fruits, I must confess, make no great show :
Trees, grafts, and layers must have time to grow.
But there's green roasted maize, and pumpkin pie,
And wild asparagus. Or will you try

A slice of water-melon?—fine for drouth,
Like sugared ices melting in the mouth.
Here too are wild-grapes from our forest-vine,
Not void of flavour, though unfit for wine.
And here comes dried fruit I had quite forgot,
(From fair Glen-Avon, Margaret, is it not?)
Figs, almonds, raisins, peaches. Witbooy Swart
Brought this huge sackful from kind Mrs. Hart—
Enough to load a Covent-Garden cart.

But come, let's crown the banquet with some wine.
What will you drink? Champagne? Port? Claret?
Stein?

Well—not to tease you with a thirsty jest,
Lo, there our *only* vintage stands confest,
In that half-aum upon the spigot-rack.
And, certes, though it keeps the old *Kaap smaak*,
The wine is light and racy; so we learn,
In laughing mood, to call it Cape Sauterne.
—Let's pledge this cup 'to all our friends,' Fairbairn!

F.—Well, I admit, my friend, your dinner's good.

Springbok and porcupine are dainty food ;

That lordly paauw was roasted to a turn ;

And, in your country fruits and Cape Sauterne,

The wildish flavour's really—not unpleasant ;

And I may say the same of gnu and pheasant.

—But—Mrs. Pringle . . . shall I have the pleasure . . . ?

Miss Brown, . . . some wine?—(These quaighs*
are quite a treasure.)

—What! leave us now? I've much to ask of *you* . . .

But, since you *will* go—for an hour adieu.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

But, Pringle—‘à nos moutons revenons’—

Cui bono 's still the burden of my song—

Cut off, with these good ladies, from society

Of savage life you soon must feel satiety:

* Quaigh (*Scotch*), a small drinking cup, usually of wood or horn.

The MIND requires fit exercise and food,
 Not to be found 'mid Afric's deserts rude.
 And what avail the spoils of wood and field,
 The fruits or wines your fertile valleys yield,
 Without that higher zest to crown the whole—
 'The feast of Reason and the flow of Soul?'
 —Food, shelter, fire, suffice for savage men;
 But can the comforts of your wattled den,
 Your sylvan fare and rustic tasks suffice
 For one who once seemed finer joys to prize?
 —When, erst, like Virgil's swains, we used to sing
 Of streams and groves, and 'all that sort of thing,'*
 The spot we meant for our 'Poetic Den'
 Was always within reach of Books and Men;
 By classic Esk, for instance, or Tweed-side,
 With gifted friends within an easy ride;
 Besides our college chum, the Parish Priest;
 And the said *den* with six good rooms at least.—

* Hic gelidi fontes : hic mollia prata, Lycori.
 Hic nemus : hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.

Here!—save for Her who shares and soothes your lot,
You might as well squat in a Caffer's cot!

Come now, be candid: tell me, my dear friend,
Of your aspiring aims is *this* the end?
Was it for Nature's wants, fire, shelter, food,
You sought this dreary, soulless solitude?
Broke off your ties with men of cultured mind,
Your native land, your early friends resigned?
As if, believing with insane Rousseau
Refinement the chief cause of human woe,
You meant to realise that raver's plan,
And be a philosophic *Bosjesman*!—
Be frank; confess the fact you cannot hide—
You sought this den from disappointed pride.

P.—You've missed the mark, Fairbairn: my breast is
clear.

Nor wild Romance nor Pride allured me here:
Duty and Destiny with equal voice
Constrained my steps: I had no other choice.

The hermit 'lodge in some vast wilderness,'
Which sometimes poets sigh for, I confess,
Were but a sorry lot. In real life
One needs a friend—the best of friends, a wife;
But with a home thus cheered, however rude,
There's nought so very dull in solitude,—
Even though that home should happen to be found,
Like mine, in Africa's remotest bound.
—I have my farm and garden, tools and pen;
My schemes for civilising savage men;
Our Sunday service, till the sabbath-bell
Shall wake its welcome chime in Lynden dell;
Some duty or amusement, grave or light,
To fill the active day from morn to night:
And thus two years so lightsomely have flown
That still we wonder when the week is gone.
—We have at times our troubles, it is true,
Passing vexations, and privations too;
But were it not for woman's tender frame,
These are annoyances I scarce would name;

For though perchance they plague us while they last,
They only serve for jests when they are past.

And then your notion that we're *quite* exiled
From social life amid these mountains wild,
Accords not with the fact—as you will see
On glancing o'er this district map with me.


—First, you observe, our own Glen-Lynden clan
(To whom I'm linked like a true Scottish man)
Are all around us. Past that dark ravine,—
Where on the left gigantic crags are seen,
And the steep Tarka mountains, stern and bare,
Close round the upland cleughs of lone Glen-Yair,—
Our Lothian Friends with their good Mother dwell,
Beside yon *Kranz*,* whose pictured records tell
Of Bushmen's huntings in the days of old,
Ere here Bezuidenhout had fixed his fold.⁷

* *Kranz*, in colonial usage, signifies a steep cliff or overhanging rock, such as the Bushmen often select for depicting their rude sketches on.

—Then up the widening vale extend your view,
Beyond the clump that skirts the Lion's Cleugh,
Past our old camp, the willow-trees among,
Where first these mountains heard our Sabbath song ;
And mark the Settlers' homes, as they appear
With cultured fields and orchard-gardens near,
And cattle-kraals, associate or single,
From fair Craig-Rennie up to Clifton-Pringle.

Then there is Captain Harding at Three-Fountains⁸


Near Cradock—forty miles across the mountains :
I like his shrewd remarks on things and men,
And canter o'er to dinner now and then.
—There's Landdrost Stockenstrom at Graaff-Reinet,⁹
A man, I'm sure, you would not soon forget ;
Who, though in this wild country born and bred,
Is able in affairs, in books well read,
And—what's more meritorious in the case—
A zealous friend to Afric's swarthy race.



We visit there ; but, travelling in ox-waggon,
(And not, like *you*, drawn by a fiery dragon)
We take a month—eight days to go and come—
And spend three weeks or so with Stockenstrom.
—At Somerset, again, Hart, Devenish, Stretch,¹⁰
And ladies—whose kind acts 'twere long to sketch ;
The officers at Káha and Roodewál,
Bird, Sanders, Morgan, Rogers, Pettingal ;¹¹
All hold with us right friendly intercourse—
The nearest thirty miles—five hours with horse.
—Sometimes a pleasant guest, from parts remote,
Cheers for a passing night our rustic cot ;
As, lately, the gay-humoured Captain Fox,¹²
With whom I roamed 'mid Koonap's woods and rocks,
From Winterberg to Gola's savage grot,
Talking of Rogers, Campbell, Coleridge, Scott,
Of Fox and Mackintosh, Brougham, Canning, Grey ;
And lighter themes and laughter cheered the way—
While the wild elephants in groups stood still,
And wondered at us on their woody hill.

—Here too, sometimes, in more religious mood,
We welcome Smith or Brownlee, grave and good,
Or fervid Read,¹³—to Natives, kneeling round,
Proclaiming the GREAT WORD of glorious sound :
Or, on some Christian mission bravely bent,
Comes Philip¹⁴ with his apostolic tent ;
Ingenuous Wright,¹⁵ or steadfast Rutherford ;
With whose enlightened hopes our hearts accord.

And thus, you see, even in my desert-den,
I still hold intercourse with thinking men ;
And find fit subjects to engage me too—
For in this wilderness there's work to do ;
Some purpose to accomplish for the band
Who left with me their much-loved Father-Land ;
Something for the sad Natives of the soil,
By stern oppression doomed to scorn and toil ;
Something for Africa to do or say—
If but one mite of Europe's debt to pay—
If but one bitter tear to wipe away.



Yes ! here is work, my Friend, if I may ask
Of Heaven to share in such a hallowed task !

But these are topics for more serious talk,
So we'll reserve them for an evening walk.
Fill now a parting glass of generous wine—
The *doch-an-dorris* cup—for '*Auld Lang Syne* ;'
For my good Margaret summons us to tea,
In her green drawing-room—beneath the tree ;—
And lo ! Miss Brown has a whole *cairn* of stones
To pose us with—plants, shells, and fossil bones.

[*Outside the Hut.*]

F.—'Tis almost sunset. What a splendid sky !
And hark—the homeward cow-boy's echoing cry
Descending from the mountains. This fair clime
And scene recall the patriarchal time,
When Hebrew herdsmen fed their teeming flocks
By Arnon's meads and Kirjath-Arba's rocks ;

And bashful maidens, as the twilight fell,
Bore home their brimming pitchers from the well.—
—But who are *these* upon the river's brink?

P.—Ha ! armèd Caffers with the shepherd Flink
In earnest talk ? Ay, now I mark their mien ;
It is Powána from Zwart-Kei, I ween,
The Amatémbu Chief. He comes to pay
A friendly visit, promised many a day ;
To view our settlement in Lynden Glen,
And smoke the Pipe of Peace with Scottish men.
And his gay consort, Moya, too attends,
To see 'the World' and 'Amanglézi friends',*
Her fond heart fluttering high with anxious schemes
To gain the enchanting beads that haunt her dreams !

F.—Yet let us not these simple folk despise ;
Just such *our* sires appeared in Cæsar's eyes :

* *Amanglézi* is the plural of *Englézi*, i.e. *English*, according to Caffer pronunciation.

And, in the course of Heaven's evolving plan,
By TRUTH MADE FREE, the long-scorned African,
His Maker's image radiant in his face,
Among earth's noblest sons shall find his place.

P.—[*To Flink, the old Hottentot Shepherd, who comes forward.*]

Well, Flink, what says the Chief?

Flink. Powána wagh'

Tot dat de Baas hem binnens-huis zal vraagh'.

P.—[*To F.*] In boorish Dutch which means,
'Powána waits

Till Master bid him welcome to our gates.'

[*To Flink.*—We haste to greet him. Let rush mats
be spread

On th' cabin-floor. Prepare the Stranger's bed
In the spare hut,—fresh-strewed with fragrant hay.
Let a fat sheep be slaughtered. And, I pray,
Good Flink, for the attendants all provide;
These men dealt well with us at Zwart-Kei side :

Besides, you know, 'tis the Great Guide's command
Kindly to treat the Stranger in our Land.

[*Exeunt.*

L'ENVOI.

Fairbairn, adieu ! I close my idle strain,
And doff wild Fancy's Wishing Cap again,
Whose witchery, o'er ocean's wide expanse,
Triumphant over adverse Circumstance,
From Tyne's far banks has conjured you away,
To spend with me this summer holiday ;
Half-realising, as I weave these rhymes,
Our kind companionship in other times,
When, round by Arthur's Seat and Blackford Hill,
Fair Hawthornden and homely Hyvotmill,*
(With a dear Friend, too early from us torn !)
We roamed untired to eve from early morn.

* Hyvotmill is a farmhouse between Hawthornden and Edinburgh, the residence of Mr. Fairbairn's family relatives at the time of our first acquaintance.

Those vernal days are gone: and stormy gales
Since then on Life's rough Sea have tossed our sails
Far diverse,—led by Fortune's changeful Star,
From quietude and competence afar.
Yet, Comrade dear! while memory shall last,
Let our *leal* hearts, aye faithful to the Past,
In frequent interchange of written thought,
Which half the ills of absence sets at nought,
Keep bright the links of Friendship's golden chain,
By living o'er departed days again;
Or meet in Fancy's bower, for ever green,
Though 'half the convex globe intrudes between.'

Glen-Lynden, 1822.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.¹⁶


AFAR in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the Present, I cling to the Past ;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years ;
And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead :
Bright visions of glory—that vanished too soon ;
Day-dreams—that departed ere manhood's noon ;
Attachments—by fate or by falsehood reft ;
Companions of early days—lost or left ;

And my Native Land—whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame ;
The home of my childhood ; the haunts of my prime ;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view ;
All—all now forsaken—forgotten—forgone !
And I—a lone exile remembered of none—
My high aims abandoned,—my good acts undone,—
Aweary of all that is under the sun,—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may
 scan,
I fly to the Desert, afar from man !

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife—
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,—
The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,—

And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy ;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
Oh ! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the Desert alone to ride !
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
The only law of the Desert Land !

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
Away—away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen ;
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartèbeest graze,
And the kùdù and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of grey forests o'erhung with wild vine ;¹⁷
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,



And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild-ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
O'er the brown Karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively ;
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight grey ;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain ;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parched Karroo.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :

Away—away—in the Wilderness vast, ¹⁸
Where the White Man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coránna or Bechuán
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan :
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which Man hath abandoned from famine and fear ;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone ;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot ;
And the bitter-melon, ¹⁹ for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink : ²⁰
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides ;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears, to refresh the aching eye :
But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living sight and sound.

And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
"A still small voice" comes through the wild
(Like a Father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,—
Saying—MAN IS DISTANT, BUT GOD IS NEAR !

THE BECHUANA BOY.

I SAT at noontide in my tent,
And looked across the Desert dun,
Beneath the cloudless firmament
Far gleaming in the sun,
When from the bosom of the waste
A swarthy Stripling came in haste,
With foot unshod and naked limb;
And a tame springbok followed him.

With open aspect, frank yet bland,
And with a modest mien he stood,
Caressing with a gentle hand
That beast of gentle brood;

Then, meekly gazing in my face,
Said in the language of his race,
With smiling look yet pensive tone,
“Stranger—I’m in the world alone!”²¹

“Poor boy!” I said, “thy native home
Lies far beyond the Stormberg blue:
Why hast thou left it, boy! to roam
This desolate Karroo?”
His face grew sadder while I spoke;
The smile forsook it; and he broke
Short silence with a sob-like sigh,
And told his hapless history.

“I have no home!” replied the boy:
“The Bergenaars—by night they came,
And raised their wolfish howl of joy,
While o’er our huts the flame
Resistless rushed; and aye their yell
Pealed louder as our warriors fell

In helpless heaps beneath their shot :
—One living man they left us not !

“ The slaughter o’er, they gave the slain
 To feast the foul-beaked birds of prey ;
And with our herds, across the plain
 They hurried us away—
The widowed mothers and their brood.
Oft, in despair, for drink and food
We vainly cried : they heeded not,
But with sharp lash the captive smote.

“ Three days we tracked that dreary wild,
 Where thirst and anguish pressed us sore ;
And many a mother and her child
 Lay down to rise no more.
Behind us, on the desert brown,
We saw the vultures swooping down ;
And heard, as the grim night was falling,
The wolf to his gorged comrade calling.

“ At length was heard a river sounding
 ’Midst that dry and dismal land,
And, like a troop of wild deer bounding,
 We hurried to its strand—
Among the maddened cattle rushing ;
The crowd behind still forward pushing,
Till in the flood our limbs were drenched,
And the fierce rage of thirst was quenched.

“ Hoarse-roaring, dark, the broad Gareep *

 In turbid streams was sweeping fast,
Huge sea-cows in its eddies deep
 Loud snorting as we passed ;
But that relentless robber clan
Right through those waters wild and wan
Drove on like sheep our wearied band :
—Some never reached the farther strand.

“ All shivering from the foaming flood,
 We stood upon the stranger’s ground,

* Native name for the Orange River.

When, with proud looks and gestures rude,
The White Men gathered round :
And there, like cattle from the fold,
By Christians we were bought and sold,
'Midst laughter loud and looks of scorn—
And roughly from each other torn.

“ My Mother's scream, so long and shrill,
My little Sister's wailing cry,
(In dreams I often hear them still!)

Rose wildly to the sky.
A tiger's heart came to me then,
And fiercely on those ruthless men
I sprang.—Alas! dashed on the sand,
Bleeding, they bound me foot and hand.

“ Away—away on prancing steeds
The stout man-stealers blithely go,
Through long low valleys fringed with reeds,
O'er mountains capped with snow,

Each with his captive, far and fast ;
Until yon rock-bound ridge we passed,
And distant strips of cultured soil
Bespoke the land of tears and toil.

“And tears and toil have been my lot
Since I the White Man's thrall became,
And sorer griefs I wish forgot—
Harsh blows, and scorn, and shame !
Oh, Englishman ! thou ne'er canst know
The injured bondman's bitter woe,
When round his breast, like scorpions, cling
Black thoughts that madden while they sting !

“Yet this hard fate I might have borne,
And taught in time my soul to bend,
Had my sad yearning heart forlorn
But found a single friend :
My race extinct or far removed,
The Boor's rough brood I could have loved ;.

But each to whom my bosom turned
Even like a hound the black boy spurned.

“While, friendless thus, my master’s flocks

I tended on the upland waste,
It chanced this fawn leapt from the rocks,

By wolfish wild-dogs chased :
I rescued it, though wounded sore
And dabbled in its mother’s gore ;
And nursed it in a cavern wild,
Until it loved me like a child.

“Gently I nursed it ; for I thought

(Its hapless fate so like to mine)
By good Urfko* it was brought

To bid me not repine,—
Since in this world of wrong and ill
One creature lived that loved me still,
Although its dark and dazzling eye
Beamed not with human sympathy.

* Hottentot term for GOD.

“Thus lived I, a lone orphan lad,
My task the proud Boor's flocks to tend ;
And this poor fawn was all I had
To love, or call my friend ;
When suddenly, with haughty look
And taunting words, that tyrant took
My playmate for his pampered boy,
Who envied me my only joy.

“High swelled my heart !—But when the star
Of midnight gleamed, I softly led
My bounding favourite forth, and far
Into the Desert fled.
And here, from human kind exiled,
Three moons on roots and berries wild
I've fared ; and braved the beasts of prey,
To 'scape from spoilers worse than they.

“But yester morn a Bushman brought
The tidings that thy tents were near ;

And now with hasty foot I've sought
Thy presence, void of fear ;
Because they say, O English Chief,
Thou scornest not the Captive's grief :
Then let me serve thee, as thine own—
For I am in the world alone ! ”

Such was Marossi's touching tale.

Our breasts they were not made of stone :
His words, his winning looks prevail—

We took him for “our own.”

And One, with woman's gentle art,
Unlocked the fountains of his heart ;
And loved gushed forth—till he became
Her Child in every thing but name.

EVENING RAMBLES.

THE sultry summer-noon is past ;
And mellow Evening comes at last,
With a low and languid breeze
Fanning the mimosa trees,
That cluster o'er the yellow vale,
And oft perfume the panting gale
With fragrance faint : it seems to tell
Of primrose-tufts in Scottish dell,
Peeping forth in tender spring
When the blithe lark begins to sing.

But soon, amidst our Lybian vale,
Such soothing recollections fail ;

Soon we raise the eye to range
O'er prospects wild, grotesque, and strange ;
Sterile mountains, rough and steep,
That bound abrupt the valley deep,
Heaving to the clear blue sky
Their ribs of granite, bare and dry,
And ridges, by the torrents worn,
Thinly streaked with scraggy thorn,
Which fringes Nature's savage dress,
Yet scarce relieves her nakedness.

But where the Vale winds deep below,
The landscape hath a warmer glow :
There the spekboom spreads its bowers
Of light-green leaves and lilac flowers ;
And the aloe rears her crimson crest,
Like stately queen for gala drest ;
And the bright-blossomed bean-tree shakes
Its coral tufts above the brakes,

Brilliant as the glancing plumes
Of sugar-birds among its blooms,
With the deep-green verdure blending
In the stream of light descending.

And now, along the grassy meads,
Where the skipping reebok feeds,
Let me through the mazes rove
Of the light acacia grove ;
Now while yet the honey-bee
Hums around the blossomed tree ;
And the turtles softly chide,
Woosingly, on every side ;
And the clucking pheasant calls
To his mate at intervals ;
And the duiker at my tread
Sudden lifts his startled head,
Then dives affrighted in the brake,
Like wild-duck in the reedy lake

My wonted seat receives me now—
This cliff with myrtle-tufted brow,
Towering high o'er grove and stream,
As if to greet the parting gleam.
With shattered rocks besprinkled o'er,
Behind ascends the mountain hoar,
Whose crest o'erhangs the Bushman's Cave ²¹
(His fortress once, and now his grave,)
Where the grim satyr-faced baboon
Sits gibbering to the rising moon,
Or chides with hoarse and angry cry
The herdsman as he wanders by.

Spread out below in sun and shade,
The shaggy Glen lies full displayed—
Its sheltered nooks, its sylvan bowers,
Its meadows flushed with purple flowers ;
And through it like a dragon spread,
I trace the river's tortuous bed.

Lo ! there the Chaldee-willow weeps,
Drooping o'er the headlong steeps,
Where the torrent in his wrath
Hath rifted him a rugged path,
Like fissure cleft by earthquake's shock,
Through mead and jungle, mound and rock.
But the swoln water's wasteful sway,
Like tyrant's rage, hath passed away,
And left the ravage of its course
Memorial of its frantic force.
—Now o'er its shrunk and slimy bed
Rank weeds and withered wrack are spread,
With the faint rill just oozing through,
And vanishing again from view ;
Save where the guana's glassy pool
Holds to some cliff its mirror cool,
Girt by the palmito's leafy screen,
Or graceful rock-ash, tall and green,
Whose slender sprays above the flood
Suspend the loxia's callow brood ²³

In cradle-nests, with porch below,
Secure from winged or creeping foe—
Weasel or hawk or writhing snake;
Light swinging, as the breezes wake,
Like the ripe fruit we love to see
Upon the rich pomegranate-tree.

But lo! the sun's descending car
Sinks o'er Mount-Dunion's peaks afar;
And now along the dusky vale
The homeward herds and flocks I hail,
Returning from their pastures dry
Amid the stony uplands high.
First, the brown Herder with his flock
Comes winding round my hermit-rock:
His mien and gait and vesture tell,
No shepherd he from Scottish fell;
For crook the guardian gun he bears,
For plaid the sheep-skin mantle wears;

Sauntering languidly along ;
Nor flute has he, nor merry song,
Nor book, nor tale, nor rustic lay,
To cheer him through his listless day.
His look is dull, his soul is dark ;
He feels not hope's electric spark ;
But, born the White Man's servile thrall,
Knows that he cannot lower fall.

Next the stout Neat-herd passes by,
With bolder step and blither eye ;
Humming low his tuneless song,
Or whistling to the hornèd throng.
From the destroying foeman fled,
He serves the Colonist for bread :
Yet this poor heathen Bechuan
Bears on his brow the port of man ;
A naked, homeless exile he—
But not debased by Slavery.

Now, wizard-like, slow Twilight sails
With soundless wing adown the vales,
Waving with his shadowy rod
The owl and bat to come abroad,
With things that hate the garish sun,
To frolic now when day is done.
Now along the meadows damp
The enamoured fire-fly lights his lamp.
Link-boy he of woodland green
To light fair Avon's Elfin Queen ;
Here, I ween, more wont to shine
To light the thievish porcupine,
Plundering my melon-bed,—
Or villain lynx, whose stealthy tread
Rouses not the wakeful hound
As he creeps the folds around.

But lo ! the night-bird's boding scream
Breaks abrupt my twilight dream ;

And warns me it is time to haste
My homeward walk across the waste,
Lest my rash tread provoke the wrath
Of adder coiled upon the path,
Or tempt the lion from the wood,
That soon will prowl athirst for blood.
—Thus, murmuring my thoughtful strain,
I seek our wattled cot again.

Glen-Lynden, 1822.


THE LION HUNT.

MOUNT—mount for the hunting—with musket and
spear !

Call our friends to the field—for the Lion is near !
Call Arend and Ekhard and Groepe to the spoor ;
Call Muller and Coetzer and Lucas Van Vuur. ²⁴

Ride up Eildon-Cleugh, and blow loudly the bugle :
Call Slinger and Allie and Dikkop and Dugal ;²⁵
And George with the elephant-gun on his shoulder—
In a perilous pinch none is better or bolder.

In the gorge of the glen lie the bones of my steed,
And the hoofs of a heifer of fatherland's breed :



But mount, my brave boys ! if our rifles prove true,
We'll soon make the spoiler his ravages rue.

Ho ! the Hottentot lads have discovered the track—
To his den in the desert we'll follow him back ;
But tighten your girths, and look well to your flints,
For heavy and fresh are the villain's foot-prints.

Through the rough rocky kloof into grey Huntly-Glen,
Past the wild-olive clump where the wolf has his den,
By the black-eagle's rock at the foot of the fell,
We have tracked him at length to the buffalo's well.

Now mark yonder brake where the bloodhounds are
howling ;
And hark that hoarse sound—like the deep thunder
growling ;
'Tis his lair—'tis his voice !—from your saddles alight ;
He's at bay in the brushwood preparing for fight.

Leave the horses behind—and be still every man :
Let the Mullers and Rennies advance in the van :
Keep fast in your ranks ;—by the yell of yon hound,
The savage, I guess, will be out—with a bound.

He comes ! the tall jungle before him loud crashing,
His mane bristled fiercely, his fiery eyes flashing ;
With a roar of disdain, he leaps forth in his wrath,
To challenge the foe that dare 'leaguer his path.

He couches,—ay, now we'll see mischief, I dread :
Quick—level your rifles—and aim at his head :
Thrust forward the spears, and unsheath every knife—
St. George ! he's upon us !—Now, fire, lads, for life !

He's wounded—but yet he'll draw blood ere he falls—
Ha ! under his paw see Bezuidenhout sprawls—
Now Diederik ! Christian ! right in the brain
Plant each man his bullet—Hurra ! he is slain !

Bezuidenhout—up man!—'tis only a scratch—
(You were always a scamp, and have met with your
match!)

What a glorious lion!—what sinews—what claws—
And seven-feet-ten from the rump to the jaws!

His hide, with the paws and the bones of his skull,
With the spoils of the leopard and buffalo bull,
We'll send to Sir Walter.—Now, boys, let us dine,
And talk of our deeds o'er a flask of old wine.

THE LION AND GIRAFFE.

WOULDST thou view the Lion's den ?
Search afar from haunts of men—
Where the reed-encircled rill
Oozes from the rocky hill,
By its verdure far descried
'Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim
Couchant lurks the Lion grim ;
Watching till the close of day
Brings the death-devoted prey.
Heedless, at the ambushed brink
The tall Giraffe stoops down to drink :²⁶

Upon him straight the savage springs
With cruel joy. The desert rings
With clanging sound of desperate strife—
The prey is strong and he strives for life.
Plunging oft with frantic bound,
To shake the tyrant to the ground,
He shrieks—he rushes through the waste,
With glaring eye and headlong haste :
In vain!—the spoiler on his prize
Rides proudly—tearing as he flies.

For life—the victim's utmost speed
Is mustered in this hour of need :
For life—for life—his giant might
He strains, and pours his soul in flight :
And, mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain.

'Tis vain ; the thirsty sands are drinking
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking ;

The victor's fangs are in his veins—
His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains—
His panting breast in foam and gore
Is bathed—he reels—his race is o'er :
He falls—and, with convulsive throe,
Resigns his throat to the ravening foe !
—And lo ! ere quivering life has fled,
The vultures, wheeling overhead,
Swoop down, to watch, in gaunt array,
Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey.

THE DESOLATE VALLEY.

FAR up among the forest-belted mountains,
Where Winterberg, stern giant old and grey,
Looks down the subject dells, whose gleaming
fountains

To wizard Kat their virgin tribute pay,
A valley opens to the noontide ray,
With green savannahs shelving to the brim
Of the swift River, sweeping on his way
To where Umtóka* hies to meet with him,
Like a blue serpent gliding through the acacias dim.

* A branch of the Kat River.

Round this secluded region circling rise
A billowy waste of mountains, wild and wide;
Upon whose grassy slopes the pilgrim spies
The gnu and quagga, by the greenwood side,
Tossing their shaggy manes in tameless pride;
Or troop of elands near some sedgy fount;
Or kùdù fawns, that from the thicket glide
To seek their dam upon the misty mount; [count.
With harts, gazelles, and roes, more than the eye may

And as we journeyed up the pathless glen,
Flanked by romantic hills on either hand,
The boschbok oft would bound away—and then
Beside the willows, backward gazing, stand.
And where old forests darken all the land
From rocky Katberg to the river's brink,
The buffalo would start upon the strand,
Where, 'mid palmetto flags, he stooped to drink,
And, crashing through the brakes, to the deep jungle
shrink.

Then, couched at night in hunter's wattled shieling,
How wildly beautiful it was to hear
The elephant his shrill *réveillé* pealing,
Like some far signal-trumpet on the ear!
While the broad midnight moon was shining clear,
How fearful to look forth upon the woods,
And see those stately forest-kings appear,
Emerging from their shadowy solitudes—
As if that trump had woke Earth's old gigantic
broods!

Such the majestic, melancholy scene
Which 'midst that mountain-wilderness we found;
With scarce a trace to tell where man had been,
Save the old Caffer cabins crumbling round.
Yet this lone glen (Sicána's ancient ground),²⁷
To Nature's savage tribes abandoned long,
Had heard, erewhile, the Gospel's joyful sound,
And low of herds mixed with the Sabbath song.
But all is silent now. The Oppressor's hand was
strong.

Now the blithe loxia hangs her pensile nest
From the wild-olive, bending o'er the rock,
Beneath whose shadow, in grave mantle drest,
The Christian Pastor taught his swarthy flock.
A roofless ruin, scathed by flame and smoke,
Tells where the decent Mission-chapel stood ;
While the baboon with jabbering cry doth mock
The pilgrim, pausing in his pensive mood
To ask—" Why is it thus? Shall EVIL baffle GOOD ? "

Yes—for a season Satan may prevail,
And hold, as if secure, his dark domain ;
The prayers of righteous men may seem to fail,
And Heaven's Glad Tidings be proclaimed in vain.
But wait in faith : ere long shall spring again
The seed that seemed to perish in the ground ;
And, fertilised by Zion's latter rain,
The long-parched land shall laugh, with harvests
crowned,
And through those silent wastes Jehovah's praise
resound.

Look round that Vale : behold the unburied bones
Of Ghona's children withering in the blast :
The sobbing wind, that through the forest moans,
Whispers—"The spirit hath for ever passed !"
Thus, in the Vale of Desolation vast,
In moral death dark Afric's myriads lie ;
But the Appointed Day shall dawn at last,
When, breathed on by a Spirit from on high,
The dry bones shall awake, and shout—"Our God
is nigh !"

THE CORANNA.

FAST by his wild resounding River
The listless Córán lingers ever ;²⁸
Still drives his heifers forth to feed,
Soothed by the gorrah's humming reed ;*
A rover still unchecked will range,
As humour calls, or seasons change ;
His tent of mats and leathern gear
All packed upon the patient steer.
'Mid all his wanderings hating toil,
He never tills the stubborn soil ;
But on the milky dams relies,
And what spontaneous earth supplies.

* A musical instrument peculiar to the Hottentot tribes.

Or, should long-parching drouchts prevail,
And milk and bulbs and locusts fail,
He lays him down to sleep away
In languid trance the weary day;
Oft as he feels gaunt hunger's stound,*
Still tightening famine's girdle round;
Lulled by the sound of the Gareep,
Beneath the willows murmuring deep:
Till thunder-clouds, surcharged with rain,
Pour verdure o'er the panting plain;
And call the famished Dreamer from his trance,
To feast on milk and game, and wake the moonlight
dance.

* *Stound*—a sharp pang, a shooting pain.

SPENSER,—BURNS.

THE KOSA.

THE free-born Kosa²⁹ still doth hold
The fields his fathers held of old ;
With club and spear, in jocund ranks,
Still hunts the elk by Chumi's banks :
By Keisi's meads his herds are lowing ;
On Debè's slopes his gardens glowing,
Where laughing maids at sunset roam,
To bear the juicy melons home :
And striplings from Kalumna's wood
Bring wild grapes and the pigeon's brood,
With fragrant hoards of honey-bee
Rifled from the hollow tree :³⁰
And herdsmen shout from rock to rock :
And through the glen the hamlets smoke ;


And children gambol round the kraal,*
To greet their sires at evening-fall :
And matrons sweep the cabin floor,
And spread the mat beside the door,
And with dry faggots wake the flame
To dress the wearied hunstman's game.

Bright gleams the fire : its ruddy blaze
On many a dusky visage plays.
On forkèd twigs the game is drest ;
The neighbours share the simple feast :
The honey-mead, the millet-ale, ³¹
Flow round—and flow the jest and tale ;
Wild legends of the ancient day,
Of hunting feat, of warlike fray ;
And now come smiles, and now come sighs,
As mirth and grief alternate rise.
Or should a sterner strain awake,
Like sudden flame in summer-brake,

* Kraal or cattle-fold ; also a native village or encampment.

Bursts fiercely forth in battle song
The tale of Amakósa's wrong ;
Throbs every warrior bosom high,
With lightning flashes every eye,
And, in wild cadence, rings the sound
Of barbed javelins clashing round.

But lo ! like a broad shield on high,
The moon gleams in the midnight sky.
'Tis time to part : the watch-dog's bay
Beside the folds has died away.
'Tis time to rest : the mat is spread,
The hardy hunter's simple bed :
His wife her dreaming infant hushes
On the low cabin's couch of rushes :
Softly he draws its door of hide,
And, stretched by his Gulúwi's side,
Sleeps soundly till the peep of dawn
Wakes on the hills the dappled fawn ;
Then forth again he gaily bounds,
With club and spear and questing hounds.



SONG OF THE WILD BUSHMAN.

LET the proud White Man boast his flocks,
And fields of foodful grain ;
My home is 'mid the mountain rocks,
The Desert my domain.
I plant no herbs nor pleasant fruits,
I toil not for my cheer ;
The Desert yields me juicy roots,
And herds of bounding deer.

The countless springboks are my flock,
Spread o'er the unbounded plain ;³²
The buffalo bendeth to my yoke,
The wild-horse to my rein ;*

* The Zebra is commonly termed *Wilde-Paard*, or Wild-horse,
by the Dutch-African Colonists.

My yoke is the quivering assagai,
My rein the tough bow-string ;
My bridle curb is a slender barb—
Yet it quells the forest king.
The crested adder honoureth me,
And yields at my command
His poison-bag, like the honey-bee,
When I seize him on the sand.
Yea, even the wasting locust-swarm,
Which mighty nations dread,
To me nor terror brings nor harm—
For I make of them my bread.*

Thus I am Lord of the Desert Land,
And I will not leave my bounds,
To crouch beneath the Christian's hand,
And kennel with his hounds :
To be a hound, and watch the flocks,
For the cruel White Man's gain—

* The Bushmen consider the locusts a great luxury, consuming great quantities fresh, and drying abundance for future emergencies.

No ! the brown Serpent of the Rocks

His den doth yet retain ;

And none who there his sting provokes,

Shall find its poison vain !

MAKANNA'S GATHERING.³³

WAKE ! Amakósa, wake !

And arm yourselves for war.

As coming winds the forest shake,

I hear a sound from far :

It is not thunder in the sky,

Nor lion's roar upon the hill,

But the voice of HIM who sits on high,

And bids me speak His will !

He bids me call you forth,

Bold sons of Káhabee,³⁴

To sweep the White Men from the earth,

And drive them to the sea :

The sea, which heaved them up at first,
For Amakósa's curse and bane,
Howls for the progeny she nurst,
To swallow them again.

Hark ! 'tis UHLANGA'S voice ³⁵
From Debè's mountain caves !
He calls you now to make your choice—
To conquer or be slaves :
To meet proud Amanglézi's guns,
And fight like warrior's nobly born :
Or, like Umláo's feeble sons,*
Become the freeman's scorn.


Then come, ye Chieftains bold,
With war-plumes waving high ;
Come every warrior, young and old,
With club and assagai.

* " Sons of Umláo " is the Caffer name for the Colonial Hot-tentots.

Remember how the spoiler's host
Did through our land like locusts range:
Your herds, your wives, your comrades lost—
Remember—and revenge!

Fling your broad shields away—
Bootless against such foes;
But hand to hand we'll fight to-day
And with their bayonets close.
Grasp each man short his stabbing spear—
And, when to battle's edge we come,
Rush on their ranks in full career,
And to their hearts strike home!

Wake! Amakósa, wake!
And muster for the war:
The wizard-wolves from Keisi's brake,
The vultures from afar,
Are gathering at UHLANGA's call,
And follow fast our westward way—
For well they know, ere evening-fall,
They shall have glorious prey!



THE INCANTATION.

HALF-WAY up Indóda * climbing,
Hangs the wizard-forest old,
From whose shade is heard the chiming
Of a streamlet clear and cold :
With a mournful sound it gushes
From its cavern in the steep ;
Then at once its wailing hushes
In a lakelet dark and deep.

Standing by the dark blue water,
Robed in panther's speckled hide,

* *Indódo* or *Indóda Intóba*, i.e., the Man Mountain, is a conical peaked hill, so called from some resemblance it is supposed to bear to the human figure. It is also known as "Slambie's Kop." It is in the King William's Town District.

Who is she? Jálúsa's daughter.

Bold Makanna's widowed bride.

Stern she stands her left hand clasping

By the arm her wondering child:

He, her shaggy mantle grasping,

Gazes up with aspect wild.

Thrice in the soft fount of nursing

With sharp steel she pierced a vein,—

Thrice the White Oppressor cursing,

While the blood gushed forth amain,—

Wide upon the dark-blue water,

Sprinkling thrice the crimson tide,—

Spoke Jálúsa's high-souled daughter,

Bold Makanna's widowed bride.

“Thus into the Demon's River

Blood instead of milk I fling:

Hear, UHLANGA—great Life-Giver!

Hear, TOGÚH—Avenging King!

Thus the Mother's feelings tender

In my breast I stifle now :

Thus I summon you to render

Vengeance for the Widow's vow !

“ Who shall be the Chief's Avenger ?

Who the Champion of the Land ?

Boy ! the pale Son of the Stranger

Is devoted to *thy* hand.

HE who wields the bolt of thunder

Witnesses thy Mother's vow !

HE who rends the rocks asunder

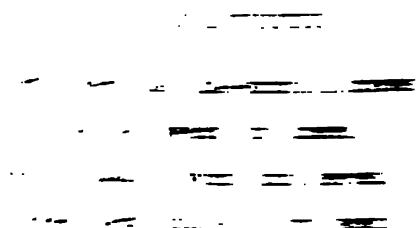
To the task shall train thee now !

“ When thy arm grows strong for battle,

Thou shalt sound Makanna's cry,

Till ten thousand shields shall rattle

To war-club and assagai :



THE CAFFER COMMANDO.

HARK !—heard ye the signals of triumph afar?
'Tis our Caffer Commando returning from war :
The voice of their laughter comes loud on the wind,
Nor heed they the curses that follow behind.
For who cares for him, the poor Kosa, that wails
Where the smoke rises dim from yon desolate vales—
That wails for his little ones killed in the fray,
And his herds by the Colonist carried away ?
Or who cares for him that once pastured this spot,
Where his tribe is extinct and their story forgot ?³⁶
As many another, ere twenty years pass,
Will only be known by their bones in the grass !

And the sons of the Keisi, the Kei, the 'Gareep,
With the Gunja and Ghona ³⁷ in silence shall sleep :
For England hath spoke in her tyrannous mood,
And the edict is writing in African blood !


Dark Katta * is howling : the eager jackal,
As the lengthening shadows more drearily fall,
Shrieks forth his hymn to the hornèd moon ;
And the lord of the desert will follow him soon :
And the tiger-wolf laughs in his bone-strewed brake,
As he calls on his mate and her cubs to awake ;
And the panther and leopard come leaping along ;
All hymning to Hecate a festival song :
For the tumult is over, the slaughter hath ceased—
And the vulture hath bidden them all to the feast !

* Katberg Mountain.


A NOON-DAY DREAM.

'Twas noontide ; and breathless beneath the hot ray
The far-winding vales of the wilderness lay :
By the Koonap's lone brink, with the cool shadow
 o'er me,
I slept—and a Dream spread its visions before me.


Methought, among scenes which I loved when a boy
I was walking again with fresh feelings of joy ;
For my soul, like the landscape, seemed softened and
 changed
To what it was once—when in childhood I ranged
Through Cheviot's valleys, to pluck the bright flowers,
Or chase with young rapture the birds through the
 bowers.



—On my dreaming ear waters were murmuring still,
But the wild foreign river had shrunk to a rill ;
And Káha's dark mountains had melted away ;
And the brown thorny desert, where antelopes stray,
Had become a sweet Glen, where the young lambs
 were racing,
And yellow-haired children the butterflies chasing ;
And the meadows were gemmed with the primrose
 and gowan,
And the ferny braes fringed with the hazel and rowan ;
The foxglove looked out from the osiers dank,
And the wild-thyme and violet breathed from the
 bank.
—And green fairy nooks 'mid the landscape were
 seen,
Half hid by the grey rocks that high o'er them
 lean,
Where the light birch, above, its loose tresses was
 waving ;
And the willow, below, in the blue stream was laving




Its silvery garlands of soft downy buds ;
And the throstle sang blithe to his mate in the
woods ;
And the brood of the wild-duck plashed over the
pool,
New-fledged from their nest among well-cresses cool.
—And trouts from the limpid stream lightly were
springing,
And larks in the fleckered sky cheerily singing ;
And down in the copsewood the cushat was cooing ;
And o'er the brown moorland the huntsman hallooing ;
The grey-plaided shepherd piped high on the fell ;
And the milk-maiden sang as she sat by the well :
With the lowing of herds from the broom-blossomed
lea ;
The cuckoo's soft note from the old beechen-tree ;
The waving of woods in the health-breathing gale ;
The dash of the mill-wheel afar down the dale.
—All these were around me :—and with them there
came



Sweet voices that called me aloud by my name,—
And looks of affection from innocent eyes,—
And light-hearted laughter,—and shrill joyous cries :
And I saw the mild features of all that were there,
Unaltered by years, and unclouded by care !

Then it seemed as that Scene slowly melted away,
Like the bright cloud of morn in a midsummer's day ;
And I lost the blithe sounds of the Pastoral Glen,
'Mid the rattle of wheels and loud murmurs of men.
—I stood on a mount, and saw, towering around,
A City with ramparts and palaces crowned ;
Where poets and sages were passing along,
And statesmen and heroes—a glorious throng !
I heard from on high the loud heralds proclaim
With silver-toned voice each illustrious name ;
I marked from afar their mild dignified mien,
And their aspect, benevolent, simple, serene ;
And lingered, in heart-greeting silence to gaze
On the faces of some I had loved in their lays.



—But suddenly out burst a boisterous crowd
Of maskers and rhapsodists, railing aloud,
And scattering brands in their frantic mirth,
As if lewd love of mischief had called them forth :
And the burden and boast of their scurrilous song
Was to scoff at the Right and applaud the Wrong.
—I looked on the scene till my heart grew sad—
Then turned me away from the uproar mad !

The visionary Pageant again seemed to change,
And a land lay before me of aspect strange—
Where the tumult of voices disturbed me no more,
But I heard the hoarse surf dashing wild on the shore,
As bewildered I stood. Yet I was not alone ;
For still amid crowds my dream passed on :
'Mid crowds—but silent, and sad as death ;
For it seemed as if each man held his breath,
And cowered with his body, in abject fear,
Like a caitiff beneath the proud conqueror's spear.
—Then I turned, and lifted my wondering eye,

And beheld a grim Spectre enthroned on high,
And his name it was written—TYRANNY !
—I gazed, and beheld how his scourge-bearing hand
Was high outstretched o'er the shuddering land ;
And his eyes, that like those of the basilisk shone,
Blasted whatever they glared upon.
—Yet crowds of votaries, kneeling around,
Were worshipping him with a whispering sound :
And, ever and anon, his priests on high
Hymned forth his praises to the sky.
—Full many a race lay mingled there :
Swart Afric's tribes with their woolly hair,
The enslaved Madagass, the dejected Malay,
And degenerate Belgian baser than they,
Prone and promiscuous round him lay.
As I drew more near 'mid the suppliant train,
My heart swelled high with grief and pain,
Proud England's children there to view,
Commingled with that crouching crew ;
And I marvelled much that no manly hand
Was raised to redeem the desolate land ;

For I saw that the Monster's enchanted mould,
Though braced with iron and bound with gold,
Was formed but of vile and crumbling dust,
Unfit to withstand the Avenger's thrust.

—While thus I was musing, a crashing stroke,
As when the red lightning shivers the rock,
Fell! . . . And I started and awoke!

Awaking, I heard but the wild river sounding;
I gazed, but saw only the klip-springer bounding,
And the eagle of Winterberg, high o'er the woods,
Sailing supreme 'mid his solitudes.

River Koonap, 1825.

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.



A SONG.

AIR—" *The Banks o' Cayle.*"

By the lone Mankazána's ³⁸ margin grey
A Scottish Maiden sung ;
And mournfully poured her melting lay
In Teviot's Border tongue :

*O, bonny grows the broom on Blaiklaw knowes,
And the birk in Clifton dale ;
And green are the hills o' the milk-white ewes,
By the briary banks o' Cayle.*

Here bright are the skies—and these valleys of bloom
May enchant the traveller's eye ;

But all seems drest in death-like gloom
To the exile—who comes to die !

O, bonny grows the broom, &c.

Far round and round spreads the howling waste,
Where the wild beast roams at will ;
And yawning cleughs, by woods embraced,
Where the savage lurks to kill !


O, bonny grows the broom, &c.

Full oft over Cheviot's uplands green
My dreaming fancy strays ;
But I wake to weep 'mid the desolate scene
That scowls on my aching gaze !

O, bonny grows the broom, &c.

Oh, light, light is poverty's lowliest state,
On Scotland's peaceful strand,
Compared with the heart-sick exile's fate,
In this wild and weary land !

O, bonny grows the broom, &c.



THE BROWN HUNTER'S SONG.

UNDER the Dídima * lies a green dell,
Where fresh from the forest the blue waters swell ;
And fast by that brook stands a yellow-wood tree,
Which shelters the spot that is dearest to me.

Down by the streamlet my heifers are grazing ;
In the pool of the guanas the herd-boy is gazing ;
Under the shade my Amána is singing—
The shade of the tree where her cradle is swinging.

When I come from the upland as daylight is fading,
Though spent with the chase, and the game for my
lading,

* Mountain between the sources of the Kat and Koonap Rivers.



My nerves are new-strung, and my fond heart is
swelling,


As I gaze from the cliff on our wood-circled dwelling.

Down the steep mountain, and through the brown
forest,

I haste like a hart when his thirst is the sorest ;

I bound o'er the swift brook that skirts the savannah,

And clasp my first-born in the arms of Amána.



THE CAPTIVE OF CAMALÚ.



O CAMALÚ—green Camalú!³⁹

'Twas there I fed my father's flock,
Beside the mount where cedars threw
At dawn their shadows from the rock ;
There tended I my father's flock
Along the grassy-margined rills,
Or chased the bounding bontèbok
With hound and spear among the hills.

Green Camalú ! methinks I view
The lilies in thy meadows growing ;
I see thy waters bright and blue
Beneath the pale-leaved willows flowing ;

I hear, along the valleys lowing,
The heifers wending to the fold,
And jocund herd-boys loudly blowing
The horn—to mimic hunters bold.

Methinks I see the umkóba tree *
That shades the village-chieftain's cot ;
The evening smoke curls lovingly
Above that calm and pleasant spot.
My father?—Ha !—I had forgot—
The old man rests in slumber deep :
My mother?—Ay ! she answers not—
Her heart is hushed in dreamless sleep

My brothers too—green Camalú,
Repose they by thy quiet tide ?
Ay ! there they sleep—where White Men slew
And left them—lying side by side.

* Caffer name for the yellow-wood tree.

No pity had those men of pride,
They fired the huts above the dying !—
—White bones bestrew that valley wide—
I wish that mine were with them lying !

I envy you by Camalú,
Ye wild harts on the woody hills ;
Though tigers there their prey pursue,
And vultures slake in blood their bills.
The heart may strive with Nature's ills,
To Nature's common doom resigned :
Death the frail body only kills—
But Thralldom brutifies the mind.

Oh, wretched fate !—heart-desolate,
A captive in the spoiler's hand,
To serve the tyrant whom I hate—
To crouch beneath his proud command—
Upon my flesh to bear his brand—
His blows, his bitter scorn to bide !—

Would God, I in my native land
Had with my slaughtered brothers died !

Ye mountains blue of Camalú,
Where once I fed my father's flock,
Though desolation dwells with you,
And Amakósa's heart is broke,
Yet, spite of chains these limbs that mock,
My homeless heart to you doth fly,—
As flies the wild-dove to the rock,
To hide its wounded breast—and die !

Yet, ere my spirit wings its flight
Unto Death's silent shadowy clime,
Utíko ! Lord of life and light,
Who, high above the clouds of Time,
Calm sittest where yon hosts sublime
Of stars wheel round thy bright abode,
Oh, let my cry unto Thee climb,
Of every race the Father-God !

I ask not Judgments from Thy hand—
Destroying hail, or parching drought,

Or locust-swarms to waste the land,
Or pestilence, by famine brought;
I say the prayer Jankanna * taught,
Who wept for Amakósa's wrongs—
"Thy Kingdom come—thy Will be wrought—
For unto Thee all Power belongs."

Thy Kingdom come ! Let Light and Grace
Throughout all lands in triumph go ;
Till pride and strife to love give place,
And blood and tears forget to flow ;
Till Europe mourn for Afric's woe,
And o'er the Deep her arms extend
To lift her where she lieth low—
And prove indeed her Christian Friend !

* The name given to the missionary, Van der Kemp, by the Caffers.

THE GHONA WIDOW'S LULLABY.

UTÍKO umkúla gozizulína ;
Yebínza inqúnquis Nosilimélè.
Umzi wakonána subiziélè,
Umkokéli úa sikokéli tina ;
Uénza infáma zenza ga bómi.

SICÁNA'S HYMN, 27.

THE storm hath ceased : yet still I hear
The distant thunder sounding,
And from the mountains, far and near,
The headlong torrents bounding.
The jackal shrieks upon the rocks ;
The tiger-wolf is howling ;
The panther round the folded flocks
With stifled *gurr* is prowling,

But lay thee down in peace, my child ;
God watcheth o'er us midst the wild.

I fear the Bushman is abroad—

 He loves the midnight thunder; ⁴⁰
The sheeted lightning shows the road,
 That leads his feet to plunder :
I'd rather meet the hooded-snake
 Than hear his rattling quiver,
When, like an adder, through the brake,
 He glides along the river.
But, darling, hush thy heart to sleep—
The LORD our Shepherd watch doth keep.

The Kosa from Luhéri ⁴¹ high,
 Looks down upon our dwelling ;
And shakes the vengeful assagai,—
 Unto his clansman telling
How he, for *us*, by grievous wrong,
 Hath lost these fertile valleys ;

And boasts that now his hand is strong
 To pay the debt of malice.⁴²
But sleep, my child ; a Mightier Arm
Shall shield thee (helpless one!) from harm.

The moon is up ; a fleecy cloud
 O'er heaven's blue deeps is sailing ;
The stream, that lately raved so loud,
 Makes now a gentle wailing.
From yonder crags, lit by the moon,
 I hear a wild voice crying :
—'Tis but the harmless bear-baboon,
 Unto his mates replying.
Hush—hush thy dreams, my moaning dove,
And slumber in the arms of love !

The wolf, scared by the watch-dog's bay,
 Is to the woods returning :
By his rock-fortress, far away,
 The Bushman's fire is burning.

And hark ! Sicána's midnight hymn,
 Along the valley swelling,
Calls us to stretch the wearied limb,
 While kinsmen guard our dwelling :
Though vainly watchmen wake from sleep,
 " Unless the LORD the city keep."

At dawn, we'll seek, with songs of praise,
 Our food on the savannah,
As Israel sought, in ancient days,
 The heaven-descending manna ;
With gladness from the fertile land
 The veld-kost ⁴³ we will gather,
A harvest planted by the hand
 Of the Almighty Father—
From thralldom who redeems our race,
To plant them in their ancient place.

Then, let us calmly rest, my child ;
 Jehovah's arm is round us,

The God, the Father reconciled,
 In heathen gloom who found us ;
Who to this heart, by sorrow broke,
 His wondrous word revealing,
Led me, a lost sheep, to the flock,
 And to the Fount of Healing.
Oh may the Saviour-Shepherd lead
My darling where His lambs do feed !

THE ROCK OF RECONCILEMENT.


A RUGGED mountain, round whose summit proud
The eagle sailed, or heaved the thunder-cloud,
Poured from its cloven breast a gurgling brook,
Which down the grassy glades its journey took ;
Oft bending round to lave, with rambling tide,
The groves of evergreens on either side.
Fast by this stream, where yet its course was young,
And, stooping from the heights, the forest flung
A grateful shadow o'er the narrow dell,
Appeared the Missionary's hermit cell.
Woven of wattled boughs, and thatched with leaves,
The sweet wild jasmine clustering to its eaves,
It stood, with its small casement gleaming through
Between two ancient cedars. Round it grew

Clumps of acacias and young orange bowers,
Pomegranate hedges, gay with scarlet flowers,
And pale-stemmed fig-trees with their fruit yet
green,

And apple blossoms waving light between.
All musical it seemed with humming bees ;
And bright-plumed sugar-birds among the trees
Fluttered like living blossoms.

In the shade

Of a grey rock, that midst the leafy glade
Stood like a giant sentinel, we found
The habitant of this fair spot of ground—
A plain tall Scottish man, of thoughtful mien ;
Grave, but not gloomy. By his side was seen
An ancient Chief of Amakósa's race,
With javelin armed for conflict or the chase,
And, seated at their feet upon the sod,
A Youth was reading from the Word of God,
Of him who came for sinful men to die,
Of every race and tongue beneath the sky.



Unnoticed, towards them we softly stept.

Our Friend was rapt in prayer; the Warrior wept,

Leaning upon his hand; the Youth read on.

And then we hailed the group: the Chieftain's Son,

Training to be his country's Christian guide—

And Brownlee and old Tshátshu side by side.⁴⁴


THE
FORESTER OF THE NEUTRAL GROUND.

A SOUTH-AFRICAN BORDER-BALLAD.

WE met in the midst of the Neutral Ground,⁴⁵
'Mong the hills where the buffalo's haunts are found ;
And we joined in the chase of the noble game,
Nor asked each other of nation or name.

The buffalo bull wheeled suddenly round,
When first from my rifle he felt a wound ;
And, before I could gain the Umtóka's bank,
His horns were tearing my courser's flank.

That instant a ball whizzed past my ear,
Which smote the beast in his fierce career ;



And the turf was drenched with his purple gore,
As he fell at my feet with a bellowing roar.

The Stranger came galloping up to my side,
And greeted me with a bold huntsman's pride :
Full blithely we feasted beneath a tree ;—
Then out spoke the Forester, Arend Plessie.

“Stranger ! we now are true comrades sworn ;
Come pledge me thy hand while we quaff the horn ;
Thou'rt an Englishman good, and thy heart is free,
And 'tis therefore I'll tell my story to thee.

“A Heemraad of Camdebóo ⁴⁶ was my sire ;
He had flocks and herds to his heart's desire,
And bondmen and maidens to run at his call,
And seven stout sons to be heirs of all.

“When we had grown up to man's estate,
Our Father bade each of us choose a mate,

Of Fatherland blood, from the *black* taint free,⁴⁷
As became a Dutch burgher's proud degree.

"My Brothers they rode to the Bovenland,⁴⁸
And each came with a fair bride back in his hand ;
But *I* brought the handsomest bride of them all—
Brown Dinah, the bondmaid who sat in our hall.

"My father's displeasure was stern and still ;
My Brothers' flamed forth like a fire on the hill ;
And they said that my spirit was mean and base,
To lower myself to the servile race.

"I bade them rejoice in their herds and flocks,
And their pale faced spouses with flaxen locks ;
While I claimed for my share, as the youngest son,
Brown Dinah alone with my horse and gun.

"My father looked black as a thunder-cloud,
My Brothers reviled me and railed aloud,

And their young wives laughed with disdainful pride,
While Dinah in terror clung close to my side.

“ Her ebon eyelashes were moistened with tears,
As she shrank abashed from their venomous jeers :
But I bade her look up like a Burgher’s wife—
Next day to be *mine*, if God granted life.

“ At dawn brother Roelof came galloping home
From the pastures—his courser all covered with foam ;
“ ’Tis the Bushmen ! ’ he shouted ; ‘ haste, friends, to
the spoor !
Bold Arend ! come help with your long-barrelled
roer.’ ⁴⁹

“ Far o’er Bruintjes-hoogtè ⁵⁰ we followed—in vain :
At length surly Roelof cried, ‘ Slacken your rein ;
We have quite lost the track.’—Hans replied with
a smile,
—Then my dark-boding spirit suspected their guile.

"I flew to our Father's. Brown Dinah was sold !
And they laughed at my rage as they counted the
gold.

But I leaped on my horse, with my gun in my hand,
And sought my lost love in the far Bovenland.

"I found her ; I bore her from Gauritz ⁵¹ fair glen,
Through lone Zitzikamma, ⁵² by forest and fen.
To these mountains at last like wild-pigeons we flew,
Far, far from the cold hearts of proud Camdebóo.

"I've reared our rude shieling by Gola's green wood,
Where the chase of the deer yields me pastime and
food :

With my Dinah and children I dwell here alone,
Without other comrades—and wishing for none.

"I fear not the Bushman from Winterberg's fell,
Nor dread I the Caffer from Kat-River's dell ;


By justice and kindness I've conquered them both,
And the Sons of the Desert have pledged me their
troth.

"I fear not the leopard that lurks in the wood,
The lion I dread not, though raging for blood ;
My hand it is steady—my aim it is sure—
And the boldest must bend to my long-barrelled roer.

' The elephant's buff-coat my bullet can pierce,
And the giant rhinoceros, headlong and fierce ;
Gnu, eland and buffalo furnish my board,
When I feast my allies like an African lord.

"And thus from my kindred and colour exiled,
I live like old Ismael, Lord of the Wild—
And follow the chase with my hounds and my gun ;
Nor ever repent the bold course I have run.

"But sometimes there sinks on my spirit a dread
Of what may befall when the turf's on my head ;




I fear for poor Dinah—for brown Rodomond
And dimple-faced Karel, the sons of the *bond*.⁵³

“Then tell me, dear Stranger, from England the free,
What good tidings bring'st thou for Arend Plessie?
Shall the Edict of Mercy be sent forth at last,
To break the harsh fetters of Colour and Caste?”

THE SLAVE DEALER.

FROM ocean's wave a Wanderer came,
With visage tanned and dun :
His Mother, when he told his name,
Scarce knew her long-lost son ;
So altered was his face and frame
By the ill course he had run.


There was hot fever in his blood,
And dark thoughts in his brain ;
And oh ! to turn his heart to good
That Mother strove in vain,
For fierce and fearful was his mood,
Racked by remorse and pain.



And if, at times, a gleam more mild !
 Would o'er his features stray,
When knelt the Widow near her Child,
 And he tried with her to pray,
It lasted not—for visions wild
 Still scared good thoughts away.

“ There's blood upon my hands ! ” he said,
 “ Which water cannot wash ;
It was not shed where warriors bled—
 It dropped from the gory lash,
As I whirled it o'er and o'er my head,
 And with each stroke left a gash.


“ With every stroke I left a gash,
 While Negro blood sprang high ;
And now all ocean cannot wash
 My soul from murder's dye ;
Nor e'en thy prayer, dear Mother, quash
 That Woman's wild death-cry ;



"Her cry is ever in my ear,
And it will not let me pray;
Her look I see—her voice I hear—
As when in death she lay,
And said, 'With me thou must appear
On God's great Judgment-day!'"

"Now, Christ from frenzy keep my son!"
The woeful Widow cried;
"Such murder foul thou ne'er hast done—
Some fiend thy soul belied!"—
"—Nay, Mother! the Avenging One
Was witness when she died!"


"The writhing wretch with furious heel
I crushed—no mortal nigh;
But that same hour her dread appeal
Was registered on high;
And now with God I have to deal,
And dare not meet His eye!"⁵⁴



THE TORNADO.

Dost thou love to list the rushing
Of the Tempest in its might?
Dost thou joy to see the gushing
Of the Torrent at its height?
Hasten forth while lurid gloaming
Waneth into wilder night,
O'er the troubled ocean, foaming
With a strange phosphoric light.

Lo ! the sea-fowl, loudly screaming,
Seeks the shelter of the land ;
And a signal light is gleaming
Where yon Vessel nears the strand :



Just at sunset she was lying
All-becalmed upon the main ;
Now, with sails in tatters flying,
She to seaward beats—in vain !

Hark ! the long-unopened fountains
Of the clouds have burst at last ;
And the echoes of the mountains
Lift their wailing voices fast :
Now a thousand rills are pouring
Their far-sounding waterfalls ;
And the wrathful stream is roaring
High above its rocky walls.

Now the forest-trees are shaking,
Like bulrushes in the gale ;
And the folded flocks are quaking
'Neath the pelting of the hail.
From the jungle-cumbered river
Comes a growl along the ground ;

And the cattle start and shiver,
For they know full well the sound.

'Tis the lion, gaunt with hunger,
Glaring down the darkening glen ;
But a fiercer Power and stronger
Drives him back into his den :
For the fiend TORNADO rideth
Forth with FEAR, his maniac bride,
Who by shipwrecked shores abideth,
With the she-wolf by her side.

Heard ye not the Demon flapping
His exulting wings aloud ?
And his Mate her mad hands clapping
From yon scowling thunder-cloud ?
By the fire-flaucht's gleamy flashing
The doomed Vessel ye may spy,
With the billows o'er her dashing—
Hark (Oh God !) that fearful cry !

Twice two hundred human voices

In that shriek came on the blast !

Ha ! the Tempest-Fiend rejoices—

For all earthly aid is past !

White as smoke the surge is showering

O'er the cliffs that seaward frown,

While the greedy gulf, devouring

Like a dragon, sucks them down !

Zitsikamma, 1825.

A GRACEFUL FORM, A GENTLE MIEN.



A GRACEFUL form, a gentle mien,
Sweet eyes of witching blue ;
Dimples where young Love nestles in,
Around a "cherry mou :"

The temper kind, the taste refined,
A heart nor vain nor proud ;
A face, the mirror of her mind,
Like sky without a cloud ;

A fancy pure as virgin snows,
Yet playful as the wind ;
A soul alive to other's woes,
But to her own resigned :

This gentle portraiture to frame

Required not FANCY'S art :

But do not ask the lady's name—

'Tis hidden in my heart.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MR. GEORGE HAITLIE, A COUSIN OF THE
AUTHOR'S, WHO DIED AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE IN
SEPTEMBER 1813.

AH, hapless youth ! why wouldst thou roam ⁵⁵
From Friendship's care and kindred's home ?
From scenes beloved in early years,
And all our Father's Land endears,
To seek a drear and distant grave !
—And though relenting fortune gave
At last an only brother's breast
Where thou might'st calmly sink to rest,
Yet sleep'st thou not with kindred dust.
—Why didst thou dark Ambition trust ?
Who scatters wide her victim's bones
O'er blighting swamps and burning zones,

Where none upon the stranger's bier
Will pause to drop a parting tear,
Nor sister come to watch and weep
And break with sobs the silence deep !

And yet o'er thy untimely urn
'Twere weak with vain regret to mourn—
Struck by the bolt that levels all
What recks it though unknown we fall ?
All soundly sleep the silent dead
Wherever fate their pall may spread !
Far happier than with slow decay
To linger lonely by the way,
Without a wish to wake the soul—
Yet shuddering at the darksome goal
To which with viewless pace we steal,
Dragg'd on by Time's resistless wheel,—
And see each early comrade sink
Till we upon the desert brink
Stand desolate ! * * * *

PARAPHRASE OF THE TWENTY-THIRD
PSALM.

THE Lord Himself my steps doth guide ;

I feel no want, I fear no foe :

Along the verdant valley's side,

Where cool the quiet waters flow,

Like as his flock a shepherd feedeth,

My soul in love Jehovah leadeth.

And when amid the stumbling mountains

Through frowardness I blindly stray,

Or wander near forbidden fountains

Where the Destroyer lurks for prey,

My wayward feet again He guideth

To paths where holy Peace resideth.

Though that dread Pass before me lies
 (First opened up by Sin and Wrath),
 Where Death's black shadow shrouds the skies,
 And sheds its horrors o'er the path,
 Yet even there I'll fear no ill,
 For my Redeemer guards me still.

Even He who walked by Abraham's side
 My steps doth tend through weal and woe ;
 With rod and staff to guard and guide,
 And comfort me where'er I go ;
 And He His ransomed flock that keepeth,
 Our Shepherd, slumbereth not nor sleepeth.

For me a banquet He doth spread
 Of high desires and hallowed joys ;
 With blessings He anoints my head,
 And fills a cup that never cloy ;
 And nothing more my soul doth lack,
 Save gratitude to render back.

PARAPHRASE OF THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM. 145

Oh ! still may Goodness, Mercy, Truth,
Attend my steps from stage to stage,
As they have followed me from youth
Through life's long weary pilgrimage ;
Till He who Israel led of old,
Shall guide me to His heavenly fold.

A HYMN.

WHEN morn awakes our hearts,
To pour the matin prayer ;
When toil-worn day departs,
And gives a pause to care ;
When those our souls love best
Kneel with us, in Thy fear,
To ask Thy peace and rest—
Oh, God our Father, hear !

When worldly snares without,
And evil thoughts within,
Stir up some impious doubt,
Or lure us back to sin ;
When human strength proves frail,
And will but half sincere ;

When faith begins to fail—

Oh, God our Father, hear!

When in our cup of mirth

The drop of trembling falls,

And the frail props of earth

Are crumbling round our walls ;

When back we gaze with grief,

And forward glance with fear ;

When faileth man's relief—

Oh, God our Father, hear!

When on the verge we stand

Of the eternal clime,

And Death with solemn hand

Draws back the veil of Time ;

When flesh and spirit quake

Before THEE to appear—


For the Redeemer's sake,

Oh, God our Father, hear!

INSCRIPTION,

FOR A TOMB-STONE IN THE BURIAL-GROUND AT DRYBURGH
ABBEY.

A SCOTTISH patriarch lies buried here
An upright man, a Christian sincere ;
A frugal husbandman of th' olden style,
Who lived and died near this monastic pile.
A stone-cast from this spot his dwelling stood ;
His farm lay down the margin of the flood ;
Those moss-grown abbey orchards filled his store,
Though now scarce blooms a tree he trained of yore ;
Amidst these ivied cloisters hived his bees ;
Here his young children gambolled round his knees ;
And duly here, at morn and evening's close,
His solemn hymn of household worship rose,



His memory now hath perished from this place,
And over many lands his venturous race
Are scatter'd widely: some are in the grave;
Some still survive in Britain; ocean's wave
Hath wafted many to far Western woods
Laved by Ohio's and Ontario's floods:
Another band beneath the Southern skies
Have built their homes where Caffer mountains rise,
And taught wild Mancazana's willowy vale
The simple strains of Scottish Teviot-dale.

A wanderer of the race, from distant climes
Revisiting this spot, hath penned these rhymes,
And raised this stone, to guard, in hallowed trust,
His kindred's memory and great-grandsire's dust;
Resting in hope, that at the Saviour's feet
They yet may re-unite, when Zion's pilgrims meet.



MEMENTO.

My Son, be this thy simple plan ;
Serve God, and love thy brother man ;
Forget not in temptation's hour,
That Sin lends Sorrow double power ;
Count life a stage upon thy way,
And follow Conscience, come what may :
Alike with heaven and earth sincere,
With hand and brow and bosom clear,
“ Fear God—and know no other fear.”

SONNETS.

I.

THE HOTTENTOT.



MILD, melancholy, and sedate, he stands,
Tending another's flock upon the fields,
His fathers' once, where now the White Man builds
His home, and issues forth his proud commands.
His dark eye flashes not ; his listless hands
Lean on the shepherd's staff ; no more he wields
The Libyan bow—but to th' oppressor yields
Submissively his freedom and his lands.
Has he no courage? Once he had—but, lo !
Harsh Servitude hath worn him to the bone.
No enterprise? Alas ! the brand, the blow,
Have humbled him to dust—even *hope* is gone !
“ He's a base-hearted hound—not worth his food ”—
His Master cries—“ he has no *gratitude* ! ” ⁵⁶

II.

THE CAFFER.




Lo! where he crouches by the cleugh's dark side,
Eyeing the farmer's lowing herds afar;
Impatient watching till the Evening Star
Lead forth the Twilight dim, that he may glide
Like panther to the prey. With freeborn pride
He scorns the herdsman, nor regards the scar
Of recent wound—but burnishes for war
His assagai and targe of buffalo-hide.
He is a Robber?—True; it is a strife
Between the black-skinned bandit and the white.
A Savage?—Yes; though loth to aim at life,
Evil for evil fierce he doth requite.
A Heathen?—Teach him, then, thy better creed,
Christian! if thou deserv'st that name indeed.

III.

THE BUSHMAN.

THE Bushman sleeps within his black-browed den,
In the lone wilderness. Around him lie
His wife and little ones unfearingly—
For they are far away from "Christian-Men."
No herds, loud lowing, call him down the glen :
He fears no foe but famine ; and may try
To wear away the hot noon slumberingly ;
Then rise to search for roots—and dance again.
But he shall dance no more ! His secret lair,
Surrounded, echoes to the thundering gun,
And the wild shriek of anguish and despair !
He dies—yet, ere life's ebbing sands are run,
Leaves to his sons a curse, should they be friends
With the proud "Christian-Men"—for they are fiends !⁵⁷



IV.

SLAVERY.



OH SLAVERY! thou art a bitter draught !
And twice accursèd is thy poisoned bowl,
Which taints with leprosy the White Man's soul,
Not less than his by whom its dregs are quaffed.
The Slave sinks down, o'ercome by cruel craft,
Like beast of burden on the earth to roll.
The Master, though in luxury's lap he loll,
Feels the foul venom, like a rankling shaft,
Strike through his reins. As if a demon laughed,
He, laughing, treads his victim in the dust—
The victim of his avarice, rage, or lust.
But the poor Captive's moan the whirlwinds waft
To heaven—not unavenged : the Oppressor quakes
With secret dread, and shares the hell he makes !



V.

FRANSCHHOEK.⁵⁸

To this far nook the Christian Exiles fled,
Each fettering tie of earthly texture breaking ;
Wealth, country, kindred, cheerfully forsaking,
For that good cause in which their fathers bled.
By Faith supported and by Freedom led,
A fruitful field amidst the desert making,
They dwelt secure when kings and priests were
quaking,
And taught the waste to yield them wine and bread.
And is their worth forgot? their spirit gone
Now, in the breach of wickedness forthbreaking,
At the lone watchman's warning call awaking,
To lift the faithful standard is there none?
Yes—still 'mong the dry bones there is a shaking,
And a faint glimmering still where former lustre shone.

VI.

GENADENDAL.



IN distant Europe oft I've longed to see
This quiet Vale of Grace ; to list the sound
Of lulling brooks and moaning turtles round
The apostle Schmidt's * old consecrated tree ;
To hear the hymns of solemn melody
Rising from the sequestered burial-ground ;
To see the heathen taught, the lost sheep found,
The blind restored, the long oppressed set free.
All this I've witnessed now—and pleasantly
Its memory shall in my heart remain ;
But yet more close familiar ties there be
That bind me to this spot with grateful chain—
For it hath been a Sabbath Home to me,
Through lingering months of solitude and pain.

November, 1824.

* George Schmidt was the first to preach the Gospel to the
natives in South Africa.



VII.

E N O N.*

By Heaven directed, by the World reviled,
Amidst the Wilderness they sought a home,
Where beasts of prey and men of murder roam,
And untamed Nature holds her revels wild.
There, on their pious toils their MASTER smiled,
And prospered them, beyond the thoughts of men,
Till in the satyr's haunt and dragon's den
A garden bloomed, and savage hordes grew mild.
—So, in the guilty heart when Heavenly Grace
Enters, it ceaseth not till it uproot
All Evil Passions from each hidden cell ;
Planting again an Eden in their place,
Which yields to men and angels pleasant fruit ;
And God Himself delighteth there to dwell.

April, 1821.

* A Moravian Mission-station.

VIII.

THE GOOD MISSIONARY.



HE left his Christian friends and native strand,
By pity for benighted men constrained :
His heart was fraught with charity unfeigned ;
His life was strict, his manners meek and bland.
Long dwelt he lonely in a heathen land,
In want and weariness—yet ne'er complained ;
But laboured that the lost sheep might be gained,
Nor seeking recompense from human hand.
The credit of the arduous works he wrought
Was reaped by other men who came behind :
The world gave him no honour—none he sought,
But cherished Christ's example in his mind.
To one great aim his heart and hopes were given -
To serve his God and gather souls to Heaven.

Cafferland, 1825.



IX.

TO THE REV. DR. PHILIP.

THY heavenly MASTER'S voice with reverent awe
Thou heard'st, as thus to thy stirred heart it spoke :
" Go forth and gather yon poor scattered Flock
Within the free pale of the Gospel Law.
The trembling lamb pluck from the tiger's paw,
Nor fear his cruel fangs ; for by the stroke
Of thy frail staff his cheek-bone shall be broke,
And many saved from the Devourer's jaw."
Such the high task : and manfully and well
Thou for that peeled and scattered Flock has striven
And henceforth they in quietude shall dwell,
(Their ruthless spoilers fettered, or forth-driven,)
With nought to scare them, save the baffled yell
Of hungry wolves from whom the prey was riven.

1828.

X.

A COMMON CHARACTER.



NOR altogether wicked—but so weak,
That greater villains made of him their tool;
Not void of talent—yet so much a fool
As honour by dishonest means to seek;
Proud to the humble, to the haughty meek;
In flattery servile, insolent in rule;
Keen for his own—for others' interest cool;
Hate in his heart, and smiles upon his cheek.
This man, with abject meanness joined to pride,
Was yet a pleasant fellow in his day;
For all unseemly traits he well could hide,
Whene'er he mingled with the great and gay.
—But he is buried now—and, when he died,
No one seemed sorry that he was away!

Cape Town, 1825.

XI.

THE NAMELESS STREAM.



I FOUND a Nameless Stream among the hills,⁵⁹
And traced its course through many a changeful scene ;
Now gliding free through grassy uplands green,
And stately forests, fed by limpid rills ;
Now dashing through dark grottoes, where distils
The poison dew ; then issuing all serene
'Mong flowery meads, where snow-white lilies screen
The wild swan's whiter breast. At length it fills
Its deepening channels ; flowing calmly on
To join the Ocean on his billowy beach.
—But that bright bourne its current ne'er shall reach :
It meets the thirsty Desert—and is gone
To waste oblivion ! Let its story teach
The fate of one—who sinks, like it, unknown.

Glen-Lynden, 1825.

XII.

MY COUNTRY.



MY COUNTRY ! when I think of all I've lost,
In leaving thee to seek a foreign home,
I find more cause the farther that I roam
To mourn the hour I left thy favoured coast ;
For each high privilege which is the boast
And birthright of thy sons, by patriots gained,
Dishonoured dies where Right and Truth are chained
And caitiffs rule—by sordid lusts engrossed.
I *may*, perhaps (each generous purpose crossed),
Forget the higher aims for which I've strained,
Calmly resign the hopes I prized the most,
And learn cold cautions I have long disdained ;
But my heart must be calmer—colder yet—
Ere thee, my Native Land ! I can forget.

XIII.

THE CAPE OF STORMS.



O CAPE of storms ! although thy front be dark,
And bleak thy naked cliffs and cheerless vales,
And perilous thy fierce and faithless gales
To staunchest mariner and stoutest bark ;
And though along thy coasts with grief I mark
The servile and the slave, and him who wails
An exile's lot—and blush to hear thy tales
Of sin and sorrow and oppression stark :—
Yet, spite of physical and moral ill,
And after all I've seen and suffered here,⁶⁰
There are strong links that bind me to thee still,
And render even thy rocks and deserts dear ;
Here dwell kind hearts which time nor place can chill—
Loved Kindred and congenial Friends sincere.⁶¹



XIV.

TO OPPRESSION.


OPPRESSION ! I have seen thee, face to face,
And met thy cruel eye and cloudy brow :
But thy soul-withering glance I fear not now ;
For dread to prouder feelings doth give place
Of deep abhorrence. Scorning the disgrace
Of slavish knees that near thy footstool bow,
I also kneel—but with far other Vow
Do hail thee and thy herd of hirelings base.
I swear, while life-blood warms my throbbing veins,
Still to oppose and thwart with heart and hand
Thy brutalising sway—till Afric's chains
Are burst, and Freedom rules the rescued land,—
Trampling Oppression and his iron rod.
—Such is the Vow I take—So help me God !

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

FROM deserts wild and many a pathless wood
Of savage climes where I have wandered long,
Whose hills and streams are yet ungraced by song,
I bring, illustrious friend, this garland rude :
The offering, though uncouth, in kindly mood
Thou wilt regard, if haply there should be,
'Mong meaner things, the flower Simplicity,
Fresh from coy Nature's virgin solitude.
Accept this frail memorial, honoured Scott,
Of favoured intercourse in former day—
Of words of kindness I have ne'er forgot—
Of acts of friendship I can ne'er repay :
For I have found (and wherefore say it not ?
The minstrel's heart as noble as his lay.

January, 1828.

* Dedication to the author's "Poems Illustrative of South Africa."



TO ROBERT PRINGLE, GLEN-LYNDEN,
SOUTH AFRICA.*

MY FATHER ! I to thee inscribe this page !
And send it freighted, like a courier-dove,
With many a prayer of reverential love,
To greet thee in thy distant hermitage,
If such slight themes may for an hour engage
Thy thoughts, intent on better things above,
This Tale of Trials Past perchance may prove
A recreation to thine honoured age.

Sprung from a stalwart line of Scottish sires,
Be thou the patriarch, on Afric's strand,
Of a young race, who with their fathers' fires
Shall warm the heart of their adopted land ;
Who, firm yet gentle, generous, sincere,
Shall fear their God, and know no other fear.

January 5, 1834.

* Dedication to the author's "Narrative of a Residence in South Africa."

NOTES TO THE POEMS.



NOTES TO THE POEMS.


- 1.—*A land of climate fair and fertile soil,
Invites from far the venturous Briton's toil.* Page 24.

On the 30th of April, 1820, I arrived at Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, in the brig *Brilliant*, accompanied by a party of Scottish emigrants, of whom I was, *pro tempore*, the head or leader. We formed part of a body of about five thousand British settlers, who, in pursuance of a plan to colonise the unoccupied territory near the frontier of Cafferland, had entered into engagements to proceed thither under the patronage of Government; £50,000 having been voted by Parliament to defray the expense of our conveyance to the new settlement. The first of the Government transports, with its complement of emigrants, sailed from the Downs on the 10th of December, 1819; and the others, to the number of about twenty sail, followed as fast as they could get the people and stores embarked. Several of these vessels had reached the Cape before us, and had proceeded to Algoa Bay.

I had two special objects in view in emigrating to the Cape. One of these was to collect again into one social circle, and establish in rural independence, my father's family, which untoward circumstances had broken up and begun to scatter

over the world. To accomplish this, emigration to a new colony was indispensable. My father had been a Roxburghshire farmer of the most respectable class : and all his sons (five in number) had been bred to the same profession, except myself. The change of times, however, and the loss of capital, had completely overclouded their prospects in our native country ; and, therefore, when the Government scheme of colonising the unoccupied territory at the Cape was promulgated, I called their attention to that colony, and offered to accompany them, should they determine to proceed thither as settlers. After maturely weighing the advantages of the Cape as compared with other British colonies, they made their election, and empowered me to apply on their behalf to the Colonial Department. As it was required by the Government plan that every party should comprise at least ten adult males, one family related to my wife, and two or three other respectable individuals, were associated with us. And thus our little band of twenty-four souls was made up ; consisting of twelve men (including three farm servants), six women and six children.

I spent about a week in Cape Town on this occasion ; during which time I formed an acquaintance with two or three persons of worth and talent. Among these were the Rev. Dr. Philip, superintendent of the missions of the London Missionary Society (to whom I carried letters of introduction from Scotland), and Mr. H. E. Rutherford, an English merchant of that order of character which is now (unfortunately for us as a nation) becoming, I fear, far more rare than it was in former days. I met also, almost by accident, with my maternal relative, Mr. T. Haitlie, a native of



Tweedside, who, after roaming over many lands, had at last settled himself in the vicinity of Cape Town as an African agriculturist. On finding that our family, and my brothers his early playmates, were at Simon's Bay, he galloped off instantly to visit them, leaving me a horse to follow at my leisure ; and, before we sailed, beside giving us much useful information on the subject of *locating* ourselves in the wilderness, the kind-hearted fellow had our cabin crammed with a load of Cape refreshments and country stores.


We sailed out of Simon's Bay on the 10th of May, with a brisk gale from the N.W., which carried us round Cape L'Aguilhas at the rate of nearly ten knots an hour. On the 12th, at daybreak, however, we found ourselves almost becalmed, nearly opposite the entrance to the Knysna, a fine lagoon, or salt water lake, which forms a beautiful and spacious haven (though unfortunately rather of difficult access), winding up, as we were informed by our captain, who had twice entered it with the *Brilliant*, into the very bosom of the magnificent forests which cover this part of the coast. During this and the two following days, having scarcely any wind, and the little we had being adverse, we kept tacking off and on within a few miles of the shore. This gave us an excellent opportunity of surveying the coast scenery of Autenqualand and Zitzikamma, which is of a very striking character. The land rises abruptly from the shore in massive mountain ridges, clothed with forests of large timber, and swelling in the background into lofty serrated peaks of naked rock. As we passed headland after headland, the sylvan recesses of the bays and mountains opened successively to our gaze, like a magnificent panorama, continually

unfolding new features, or exhibiting new combinations of scenery, in which the soft and the stupendous, the monotonous and the picturesque, were strangely blended. The aspect of the whole was impressive, but sombre ; beautiful, but somewhat savage. There was the grandeur and the grace of Nature, majestic and untamed ; and there was likewise that air of *loneliness* and dreary *wildness* which a country unmarked by the traces of human industry or of human residence seldom fails to exhibit to the view of civilised man. Seated on the poop of the vessel, I gazed alternately on that solitary shore, and on the bands of emigrants who now crowded the deck, or leaned along the gangway ; some silently musing, like myself, on the scene before us ; others conversing in separate groups, and pointing with eager gestures to the country they had come so far to inhabit. Sick of the wearisome monotony of a long sea voyage (for only a few had been permitted by the Cape authorities to land at Simon's Bay), all were highly exhilarated by the prospect of speedily disembarking ; but the sublimely stern aspect of the country, so different from the rich tameness of ordinary English scenery, seemed to strike many of the *Southrons* with a degree of awe approaching to consternation. The Scotch, on the contrary, as the stirring recollections of their native land were vividly called up by the rugged peaks and shaggy declivities of this wild coast, were strongly affected, like all true mountaineers on such occasions. Some were excited to extravagant spirits ; others silently shed tears.

Coasting on, in this manner, we at length doubled Cape Recife (renowned for its shipwrecks) on the 15th, and late in the afternoon came to an anchor in Algoa Bay, in the midst

of a little fleet of vessels, which had just landed, or were engaged in landing, their respective bands of settlers.

It was an animated and interesting scene. Around us in the west corner of the spacious bay, were anchored ten or twelve large vessels, which had recently arrived with emigrants, of whom a great proportion were still on board. Directly in front, on a rising ground a few hundred yards from the beach, stood the little fortified barrack or block-house, called Fort Frederick, occupied by a division of the 72nd Regiment, with the tents and pavilions of the officers pitched on the heights around it. At the foot of those heights, nearer the beach, stood three thatched cottages, and one or two wooden houses brought out from England, which now formed the offices of the commissaries and other civil functionaries appointed to transact the business of the emigration, and to provide the settlers with provisions and other stores, and with carriages for their conveyance up the country. Interspersed among these offices, and among the pavilions of the Government functionaries and naval officers employed on shore, were scattered large depôts of agricultural implements, carpenters' and blacksmiths' tools, and iron ware of all descriptions, sent out by the home Government to be furnished to the settlers at prime cost. About two furlongs to the eastward, on a level spot between the sand hills on the beach and the stony heights beyond, lay the camp of the emigrants. Nearly a thousand souls on an average were at present lodged there in military tents ; but parties were daily moving off in long trains of bullock waggons, to proceed to their appointed places of location in the interior, while their place was immediately occupied by fresh bands, hourly disembarking




from the vessels in the bay. A suitable background to this animated picture, as viewed by us from the anchorage, was supplied by the heights over the Zwartkops River, covered with a dense jungle and by the picturesque peaks of the Winterhoek and the dark masses of the Zuureberg ridge far to the northward, distinctly outlined in the clear blue sky.

The whole scene was such as could not fail to impress deeply the most unconcerned spectator. To us—who had embarked all our worldly property and earthly prospects, our own future fortunes and the fate of our posterity, in this enterprise—it was interesting and exciting to an intense degree.

On the 6th of June, we assisted at laying the foundation of the first house of a new town at Algoa Bay, designated by Sir Rufane Donkin, "Port Elizabeth," after the name of his deceased lady, to whose memory also he afterwards erected an obelisk on one of the adjoining heights. In the course of years this place has grown up to be the second town in the colony, both for population and for commerce; and it is still rapidly increasing.—*Author's "Narrative of a Residence in South Africa."*

2.—*The wilds of South Africa, far o'er the sea.* Page 28.

The *Baviaans-Rivier*, or River of Baboons (now the Lynden, in the district of Bedford, Cape Colony), on the banks of which we had arrived, is one of the smaller branches of the Great Fish River, flowing from the north-east, and watering a rugged mountain-glen of about thirty miles in extent. The upper part of this glen can scarcely be said to have ever been permanently settled, but had formerly been occupied as grazing ground by a few Dutch-African Boers, among the



most rude and lawless of the whole colony. These men had been dispossessed, and some of them executed for high treason, about five years before, in consequence of their having taken a prominent part in an insurrection against the English Government ; and a portion of the lands thus forfeited were now to be assigned as the location of our party. The lower part of the glen was still chiefly occupied by the relatives and former accomplices of these insurgents.

Having waited a day at Opperman's for some part of our escort, and a free black, formerly in the British army, who had been sent for to act as an interpreter, we moved forward on the 25th. After travelling a few miles, we entered the *poort*, or gorge of the mountains, through which the River of Baboons issues to the more open and level country where it joins the Great Fish River. In the very middle of this *poort*, we passed the residence of a substantial African Boer ; a gigantic fellow, six feet four inches in height, and corpulent withal, who had been one of the leaders in the late insurrection. His name was Prinslo ; but from his remarkable size even among a race of very large men, he was usually known by the name of *Groot Willem*—big William. This African Goliath, however, in place of gnashing his teeth, like old Pope and Pagan in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' (as would have been but natural), came forth very good-humouredly to shake hands with us, his new neighbours, as we passed ; and drank to our better acquaintance out of his flask of home-made brandy. And "as we went on our way," like old Bunyan's pilgrims, we received, on passing the corner of the orchard, a present of excellent vegetables, and a basket of lemons and pomegranates ; a testimony of goodwill, which

we repaid by distributing among the family a few Dutch tracts and hymn-books. Groot Willem's house and farm-offices were constructed in a nook of the glen, with tremendous precipices of naked rock rising above and around, so as barely to leave on the bank of the river sufficient space for the houses and cattle-folds, together with a well-stocked garden and orchard, inclosed with quince and pomegranate hedges, and a small plot of corn land below.

A couple of miles or so above this spot, we came to a point where the Lynden is joined by a subsidiary rivulet, called *Bosch-Fontein*—now the Plora. This little stream waters a valley of seven or eight miles in length, containing fine pasturage, and rich alluvial soil capable of being extensively cultivated by the aid of irrigation ; without which, in fact, little or nothing can be raised in the arid climate of South Africa, at any considerable distance from the coast. Looking up this valley, which extends eastward behind the back of the Kahaberg, we observed the skirts of the magnificent timber forests, which cover the southern fronts of this range, stretching over the summits of the green hills at the head of the glen. In those hills are the sources of the Plora, which, being fed by more frequent rains than most other parts of the adjoining country, and protected from evaporation by the dense woods, furnish a perpetual supply of pure water ; an advantage which in this country is quite invaluable, and for the want of which nothing else can compensate. To this valley, and the wooded hills which bound it, we gave the name of Ettrick Forest.

Leaving this subsidiary glen on our right, we proceeded up the River of Baboons. To this point the waggon track,

wild and rugged as it was, might be considered comparatively safe and in good repair; but it now became difficult and dangerous to a degree, far exceeding anything we had yet encountered or formed a conception of; insomuch that we were literally obliged to *hew* out our path up the valley through jungles and gullies, and beds of torrents, and rocky acclivities, forming altogether a series of obstructions which it required the utmost exertions of the whole party, and of our experienced African allies, to overcome.

The scenery through which we passed was in many places of the most picturesque and singular description. Sometimes the valley widened out, leaving space along the river-side for fertile meadows, or *haughs* (as such spots are called in the south of Scotland), prettily sprinkled over with mimosa trees and evergreen shrubs, and clothed with luxuriant pasturage up to the bellies of our oxen. Frequently the mountains, again converging, left only a narrow defile, just broad enough for the stream to find a passage; while precipices of naked rock rose abruptly, like the walls of a rampart, to the height of many hundred feet, and in some places appeared absolutely to overhang the savage-looking pass or *poort*, through which we and our waggons struggled below; our only path being occasionally the rocky bed of the shallow river itself, encumbered with huge blocks of stone which had fallen from the cliffs, or worn smooth as a marble pavement by the sweep of the torrent floods. At this period the River of Baboons was a mere rill, gurgling gently along its rugged course, or gathered here and there into natural tanks, called in the language of the country *zeekoe-gats* (hippopotamus pools); but the remains of water-

wrack, heaved high on the cliffs, or hanging upon the tall willow-trees, which in many places fringed the banks, afforded striking proof that at certain seasons this diminutive rill becomes a mighty and resistless flood. The steep hills on either side often assumed very remarkable shapes—embattled, as it were, with natural ramparts of freestone or trap rock—and seemingly garrisoned with troops of the large baboons, from which the river had received its former Dutch appellation. The lower declivities were covered with good pasturage, and sprinkled over with evergreens and acacias; while the cliffs that overhung the river had their wrinkled fronts embellished with various species of succulent plants and flowering aloes. In other spots the freestone and basaltic rocks, partially worn away with the waste of years, had assumed shapes the most singular and grotesque; so that, with a little aid from fancy, one might imagine them the ruins of Hindoo or Egyptian temples, with their half-decayed obelisks, columns, and statues of monster deities.

It were tedious to relate the difficulties, perils, and adventures which we encountered in our toilsome march of *five days*, up this African glen;—to tell of our pioneering labours with the hatchet, the pickaxe, the crowbar, and the sledge-hammer,—and the lashing of the poor oxen, to force them on (sometimes 20 or 30 in one team) through such a track as no English reader can form any adequate conception of. In the upper part of the valley we were occupied two entire days in thus *hewing* our way through a rugged defile, now called Eildon-Cleugh, scarcely three miles in extent. At length, after extraordinary exertions and hair-breadth escapes—the breaking down two waggons, and the partial

damage of others—we got through the last *poort* of the glen, and found ourselves on the summit of an elevated ridge, commanding a view of the extremity of the valley. “And now, mynheer,” said the Dutch-African field-cornet who commanded our escort, “*daar leg uwe veld*—there lies your country.” Looking in the direction where he pointed, we beheld, extending to the northward, a beautiful vale, about six or seven miles in length, and varying from one to two in breadth. It appeared like a verdant basin, or *cul-de-sac*, surrounded on all sides by an amphitheatre of steep and sterile mountains, rising in the background into sharp cuneiform ridges of very considerable elevation ; their summits being at this season covered with snow, and estimated to be from 4000 to 5000 feet above the level of the sea. The lower declivities were sprinkled over, though somewhat scantily, with grass and bushes. But the bottom of the valley, through which the infant river meandered, presented a warm, pleasant, and secluded aspect ; spreading itself into verdant meadows, sheltered and embellished, without being encumbered, with groves of mimosa-trees, among which we observed in the distance herds of wild animals—antelopes and quaggas—pasturing in undisturbed quietude.

“Sae that’s the lot o’ our inheritance, then ?” quoth one of the party, a Scottish agriculturist. “Aweel, now that we’ve really got till’t, I maun say the place looks no sae mickle amiss, and may suit our purpose no that ill, provided thae haughs turn out to be gude deep land for the pleugh, and we can but contrive to find a decent road out o’ this queer hieland glen into the lowlands—like ony other Christian country.”


Descending into the middle of the valley, we unyoked the

waggons, and pitched our tents in a grove of mimosa-trees on the margin of the river ; and the next day our armed escort with the train of shattered vehicles set out on their return homeward, leaving us in our wild domain to our own courage and resources.

Our wearisome travels by sea and land were at length terminated ; and it was remarked that exactly six months to a day, had elapsed from the departure of the party from Scotland to their arrival at their destined home. With the exception of myself and two or three other individuals, all the party had embarked at Leith for London on the 29th December, 1819 ; and we reached our African location on the 29th June, 1820.

. . . July 2nd was our first Sunday on our own grounds. Feeling deeply the importance of maintaining the suitable observance of this day of sacred rest, it was unanimously resolved that we should strictly abstain from all secular employment not sanctioned by absolute necessity ; and at the same time commence such a system of religious services as might be with propriety maintained in the absence of a clergyman or minister. The whole party were accordingly assembled after breakfast, under a venerable acacia-tree, on the margin of the little stream which murmured around our camp. The river appeared shaded here and there by the graceful willow of Babylon, which grows abundantly along the banks of many of the African streams, and which, with the other peculiar features of the scenery, vividly reminded us of the pathetic lament of the Hebrew exiles :—" By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat ; yea we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof."

It was, indeed, an affecting sight to look round on our little band of Scottish emigrants, thus congregated for the first time to worship God in the wild glen allotted for their future home and heritage of their offspring. There sat old ——, with his silvery locks, the patriarch of the party, with his Bible on his knee,—a picture of the high-principled, grave Scottish husbandman ; his respectable family seated round him. There was the widow ——, with her meek, kind, and quiet look—(the look of one who had seen better days, but who in adversity had found pious resignation), with her three stalwart sons and her young maiden daughter placed beside her on the grass. There, too, were others, delicate females,—one of them very nearly related to myself—of whom I need not more particularly speak. There was ——, the younger brother of a Scottish laird, rich in blood but poor in fortune, who, with an estimable pride, had preferred a farm in South Africa to dependence on aristocratic connections at home. Looking round on these collected groups, on this day of solemn assemblage, such reflections as the following irresistibly crowded on my mind : ‘ Have I led forth from their native homes, to this remote corner of the globe, all these my friends and relatives for good or for evil ?—to perish miserably in the wilderness, or to become the honoured founders of a prosperous settlement, destined to extend the benefits of civilisation and the blessed light of the Gospel through this dark nook of benighted Africa ? The issue of our enterprise is known only to Him who ordereth all things well : “ Man proposes, but God disposes.” But though the result of our scheme is in the womb of futurity, and although it seems probable that greater perils and privations await us than we had once



calculated upon, there yet appears no reason to repent of the course we have taken, or to augur unfavourably of the ultimate issue. Thus far Providence has prospered and protected us. We left not our native land from wanton restlessness or mere love of change, or without very sufficient and reasonable motives. Let us, therefore, go on calmly and courageously, duly invoking the blessing of God on all our proceedings ; and thus, be the result what it may, we shall feel ourselves in the path of active duty.'—With these, and similar reflections, we encouraged ourselves, and proceeded to the religious services of the day.

Having selected one of the hymns of our national Church, all united in singing it to one of the old pathetic melodies with which it is usually conjoined in the Sabbath worship of our native land. The day was bright and still, and the voice of psalms rose with a sweet and touching solemnity among those wild mountains, where the praise of the true God had never, in all human probability, been sung before. The words of the hymn (composed by Logan) were appropriate to our situation, and affected some of our congregation very sensibly :—

“O God of Bethel! by whose hand Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage hast all our fathers led ;
Through each perplexing path of life our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread, and raiment fit provide : . . .
O ! spread Thy covering wings around, till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode our souls arrive in peace.”

We then read some of the most suitable portions of the English Liturgy, which we considered preferable to any extempore service that could be substituted on this occasion ;

and concluded with an excellent discourse from a volume of sermons presented to me on parting by a revered relative, the Rev. Dr. Pringle of Perth. We had a similar service in the afternoon; and agreed to maintain in this manner the public worship of God in our infant settlement, until it should please Him, in His good Providence, to privilege it with the ecclesiastical dispensation of religious ordinances.

While we were singing our last psalm in the afternoon, an antelope (*oribi*), which appeared to have wandered down the valley without observing us, stood for a little while on the opposite side of the rivulet, gazing at us in innocent amazement, as if yet unacquainted with man, the great destroyer. On this day of peace it was, of course, permitted to depart unmolested.—*Author's Narrative.*

3.—*I pictured you, sage Fairbairn, at my side. Page 31.*

At this time, John Fairbairn, an early and intimate friend, was resident at Newcastle. Mr. Pringle had written to him to join him at Cape Town, and the following reply from Mr. Fairbairn shows the career sanguinely sketched out for their conjoint activity :—

“ March 2nd, 1823.

“ It gives me unspeakable pleasure to find you once more among ‘ Books and Men.’ Your late acquaintance, the lions and the quaggas, having lost their ancient veneration for the Muses, you had good authority for turning to the more docile *Batavi-Africani*. I have no doubt, from what you tell me, and from the accounts I read of the Cape, that your views in Cape Town are well-founded, and cannot, without some unforeseen mischief, fail to be realised to a very satis-

factory extent. I will join you (D.V.) about six weeks after you receive this epistle. My resolution was finally taken upon reading your last letter, and all my friends approve of it. . . . Your hint about magazines and newspapers pleases me exceedingly. What should hinder us from becoming the Franklins of the Kaap? The history of the settlement requires to be brought down by rational men on the spot for a good number of years. Little or nothing has been done in the natural history of South Africa since Sparrman and Vaillant; and it is a rich region in that respect. There are still unknown kingdoms, or at least provinces, for us to explore.

"I have a number of literary schemes in my head, some of which may furnish us with matter for communion. I suppose you have no such thing as public lectures among you on any subject. Yet, surely, popular lectures on chemistry, geology, botany, and other departments of science, might be rendered both acceptable and useful to your new countrymen. Turn your thoughts to this topic till we meet.

"In Europe, and especially in Britain, so many great poets are looking on the same objects that we see, and describing them with so much force and beauty, that one feels oneself fairly 'overcrowded,' and dare not even aspire to be heard. Who can think of aught but listening when Byron, Wordsworth, Scott, Coleridge, and Campbell are sending their strong sweet voices through every vale of this delightful land? The character of African scenery is, I suppose, different from ours. The manners of the singular tribes surrounding you, your own destination at the extremity of the 'dry nurse of lions,' in every circumstance I can think of,

there is much to excite, deepen, and fully employ the strongest imagination. What should hinder us, my dear friend, from 'giving to song' the unknown streams and nameless mountains of the *Kaap*?"

See also Note 60.

4.—*Vytjè Vaal*. Page 32.

Vytjè is a Dutch diminutive for Sophia, and *Vaal* signifies a pale reddish colour, the hue of a faded leaf—which is precisely the colour of the Hottentot. The girl's real name, however, was Vytjè Dragoener. She was a native of Bethelsdorp, and was an extremely faithful, neat-handed, and respectable servant; and most affectionately attached to her mistress.

5.—*Our broad-tailed mutton, small and fine*. Page 33.

The broad-tailed sheep of Southern Africa is long-legged, small in the body, and has little fat except on its tail; but the flesh when young is very well flavoured, not unlike Welsh or Highland mutton. Mr. Barrow has given a description and engraving of the Cape sheep. See his 'Travels,' vol. i. p. 67.

6.—*A paauw, which beats your Norfolk turkey hollow; Korhaan, and Guinea-fowl, and pheasant follow*.

Page 33.

The *Wilde Paauw* (wild peacock) is a large species of *Otis*, about the size of the Norfolk bustard, and is esteemed the richest flavoured of all the African feathered game. The spread of its wings is about seven feet, and the whole length

of the bird about three feet and a half. Two smaller species of bustard are known by the name of *Korhaans*.

The Guinea-fowl is plentiful in the valleys at certain seasons of the year. Partridges also, of several species, are abundant; but the bird called a *Pheasant* at the Cape is a sort of grouse, or rather a species intermediate between the grouse and the partridge.

All these and other sorts of game we had *occasionally*; but the reader must not suppose they were always so very plentiful, or so easily procured, that we could on any day of the year have thus feasted a chance visitor. But if I might *conjure* my guest from England, I might also *conjure* my game from the woods and hills.

7.—*Beside yon Kranz, whose pictured records tell
Of Bushmen's huntings in the days of old,
Ere here Bezuidenhout had fixed his fold.* Page 39.


I have previously alluded to an insurrection of Dutch-African Boers which broke out in 1815, and of which the sub-district (*Field-Cornetcy*) of Bavian's River was the focus. As our location consisted of lands which had been forfeited by some of these insurgents, and as the facts of the case will illustrate in a striking manner the character of the frontier colonists, and the civil condition both of this class and of their coloured dependents, only a few years before our arrival, I shall here briefly relate the history of the affair. I collected the authentic details partly from the printed report, in Dutch, of a Special Commission appointed to try the criminals, and partly from the accounts I received from the

magistrates of the district, and from several of the Boers themselves who had been implicated in the conspiracy.

Some time in 1814, a Hottentot, named Booy, appeared at the magistrate's office at Cradock, and complained of the oppressive conduct of Frederick Bezuidenhout, a Dutch-African colonist, who resided at the place now called Cameron's Cleugh, on Bavian's River. Booy, it appeared, had been for several years in the service of this Boer ; but when the term of his contract had expired, Bezuidenhout peremptorily refused to permit him either to depart, or to remove what little property he had on the place. Captain Stockenstrom, who at that time filled the office of deputy-landdrost of the sub-district of Cradock, gave the complainant a letter to Opperman, the field-cornet of Bavian's River, directing that officer to inquire into the case ; and in the event of the Hottentot's statement proving correct, to take care that his property was delivered to him, and that he was allowed to remove unmolested. The field-cornet having gone to Bezuidenhout's place with Booy, found the Hottentot's statement to be perfectly correct. The Boer at once admitted the facts ; but instead of yielding obedience to the magistrate's order, he boldly declared that he considered this interference between him (a free burgher) and *his* Hottentot, to be a presumptuous innovation upon his rights, and an intolerable usurpation of tyrannical authority. He told the field-cornet that he set at defiance both himself and the magistrate who had sent him on this officious errand ; and to give further emphasis to his words, he fell violently upon poor Booy, gave him a severe beating, and then bade him go and tell the civil authorities that he would treat them in the same


manner if they should dare to come upon his grounds to claim the property of a Hottentot.

In elucidation of Bezuidenhout's conduct on this occasion, it is to be remarked that, up to a comparatively recent period, the Hottentot population within the limits of the colony had been universally subjected to a state of the most degrading thralldom, under the African Boers. The laws of Holland had, indeed, from the earliest occupation of the country, prohibited the aborigines from being legally sold; and in public documents they were occasionally spoken of as a "free people." But colonial laws, usages, and prejudices had long combined to reduce this unfortunate race to a state of actual bondage, in several respects even more wretched than negro slavery itself. They were, in fact, left entirely in the power of the white colonists; and in the remoter districts, their own limbs and lives, as well as the disposal of their children, were practically altogether at their masters' mercy. In 1809, the Earl of Caledon, who at that time administered the government of the Cape, had made a benevolent attempt to rescue this class of men from their abject and unprotected condition, by issuing a proclamation which, by one of its provisions, deprived the colonists of the power, so long exercised as a legal and unquestionable right, of retaining the children of the Hottentots in bondage, under the name of apprenticeship, until their twenty-fifth year, and the adults, under other pretexts, often for life. This proclamation contained several other clauses, framed unquestionably with an anxious desire to improve the condition and protect the persons and property of this people. Considering the state of public feeling, and the progress of just



views on such subjects, perhaps Lord Caledon's proclamation was, *at that period*, an effort in the cause of justice and humanity, nearly as great as the noble ordinance issued by General Bourke nineteen years afterwards. But, unhappily for the Hottentots and for the colony, many of the best provisions of Lord Caledon's enactment were neutralised by coercive clauses, admitted at the suggestion of certain provincial functionaries, to conciliate the feelings and serve the selfish views of the privileged classes, and which had a practical operation which his lordship most undoubtedly never intended to sanction. What was still more deplorable, Sir John Cradock, who succeeded Lord Caledon in the government, permitted himself to be so far influenced by the representations of the colonists, that he rescinded, by another proclamation in 1812, the most important clause of Lord Caledon's enactment—that, namely, which secured to the oppressed natives a right to their own children ; and thus re-established the iniquitous claim of the colonists to force them into apprenticed servitude, and sealed for sixteen years longer the degradation of the race.

In this state of things, and with provincial functionaries in general deeply imbued with the feelings of the other colonists, the protection of the native race from oppression was out of the question. When the local magistrate happened to be, as in the present case, a man of enlightened views and determined character, a vigorous attempt might occasionally be made to interfere in defence of the natives, so far as the colonial law extended its feeble and faltering arm. But the indignant resentment with which such interference was repelled, clearly evinces how seldom it had hitherto been efficiently



exerted. In regard to Bezuidenhout it is, moreover, to be recollected that, ever since the earlier days of colonial anarchy, which Mr. Barrow has so forcibly depicted, when the Boers used to murder and mutilate the Hottentots at discretion, he and his comrades had resided on this wild and secluded part of the frontier, where colonial legislation in regard to the aborigines had reached them only by hearsay, and where such terms as the "rights of the natives" were still treated with unqualified contempt. The angry defiance, therefore, with which this rude back-settler met the magistrate's intervention in behalf of Booy, and the warmth with which his resentful feelings, *as an insulted free burgher*, were sympathised with by a large portion of the neighbouring colonists, exhibits, in a light equally striking and instructive, the frightful perversion of moral sentiment in the dominant class by the uncontrolled exercise of arbitrary power, and the deplorable condition of the natives who lay prostrate under their feet.

Upon receiving the field-cornet's report of Bezuidenhout's outrageous conduct, the magistrate instituted legal proceedings against him before the local court. But the Boer treated the regular summonses that were delivered to him with the same audacious contempt with which he had repelled the monitory intervention of the field-cornet; even threatening with personal violence the judicial messengers. The case was thus brought regularly before the Judges of Circuit, at Graaff-Reinet, in 1815; when the defendant, maintaining the same contumacy, and refusing to appear, he was sentenced to imprisonment for contempt of court.

It now became necessary to act with vigour, or else to expose the laws and courts of justice to the utter contempt of

the colonists. The under-sheriff was therefore despatched by Captain Stockenstrom, who had recently been appointed chief magistrate (landdrost) of the district, to take Bezuidenhout into custody ; and as this audacious burgher had sworn never to surrender himself, the officer of justice was accompanied by a military escort to protect him in the execution of his duty. As soon as Bezuidenhout saw this party approaching his house, he, with a coolness and determination worthy of a better cause, betook himself to a cave in a huge rock overhanging the river, into which he had previously conveyed a large quantity of powder and ball, together with a supply of provisions, to stand a siege ; and, compelling two young men, who lived with him, to accompany him, with their arms, he commenced a brisk fire upon the under-sheriff and the military. The place was then surrounded ; and, as the desperate Boer would listen to no parley, but continued to shoot resolutely at every man who came within reach of his long-barrelled elephant gun (*roer*), a fire of musketry was opened against the garrison of the cavern ; the besiegers ensconcing themselves as well as they could behind the large stones and ledges of rock that lay around. At length, in Bezuidenhout's eagerness to get a good aim at one of the assailants, his person became so much exposed that a ball fired by one of the Hottentot soldiers from the opposite side of the river, took effect, and killed him on the spot. Upon this, his two companions (one of whom was a *Bastaard* or Mulatto) surrendered themselves. They were carried to Graaff-Reinet, and committed to gaol, but discharged after a short imprisonment.

This affair excited a very great sensation in the country. A numerous assemblage of the Dutch-African colonists of

Bavian's River, Tarka, and the adjoining sub-districts, was held at the funeral of the deceased burgher. Great excesses of inebriety took place; inflammatory speeches were delivered; and several of the most violent of these colonial "Patriots," as they termed themselves, took a solemn oath over the corpse of Bezuidenhout to revenge his death. They swore to hang Landdrost Stockenstrom, and the Field-Cornet Opperman whom he had first sent to interfere on behalf of the Hottentot, Booy; and to drive the English troops and English laws over Bruintjes-hoogté. Nor did these feelings of animosity and these insane boastings evaporate with the fumes of the brandy with which, in appropriate libations, they had celebrated the obsequies of their hero. Soon afterwards, a meeting of the disaffected took place on the Tarka, under the direction of a man named Hendrik Prinslo, at which their *grievances* under the laws enacted for the protection of the native race, and the practicability of throwing off the yoke, were more fully discussed. A conspiracy was then entered into to bring about a general insurrection, and to call in the aid of the Caffers to assist them in expelling the English from the eastern parts of the colony. The recollection which many of these men retained of the state of anarchy in which this part of the country had been kept for several years at the commencement of the present century, encouraged them in the hope that they should be enabled, by means of the existing excitement, to restore at least a similar state of affairs, if not to achieve their entire independence of the English Government.

These points having been agreed upon, a letter was drawn up at this meeting, and addressed to one Krugel, residing at

Rhinosterberg in the northern part of the colony, on whom great reliance was placed by them, calling upon him to excite the inhabitants of that frontier to take up arms. This letter was drawn up by one Bothma, who had formerly been banished the colony for forgery. It was then signed by Prinslo, and confided to the charge of two brothers of the name of Muller, who had been admitted to the meeting. The Mullers, however, instead of conveying the letter to Krugel, proceeded with it to the Field-Commandant Van Wyk, a man of decided loyalty, who, upon ascertaining the nature of its contents, hastened to Cradock, and placed it in the hands of the deputy-landdrost, Mr. Van de Graff. An express was despatched by this magistrate to the nearest military officer, Captain Andrews, at Van-Aard's Post, on the Great Fish River, who immediately sent a party of dragoons to seize Hendrik Prinslo. They succeeded in surprising and arresting him in his father's house, near the site of the present village of Somerset, before he or any of his party had the least suspicion that their proceedings had become known to the authorities.

The conspirators, though greatly disconcerted by the arrest of their principal leader, did not, however, abandon their enterprise. A deputation was sent to the Caffer chief Gaika, with instructions to propose an alliance between him and the insurgents, for the purpose of expelling the English from the eastern districts. As a bait to tempt the cupidity of the African magnate, they offered, in the event of success, to leave in his possession the Zuureveld (Albany), and other tracts of territory west of the Great Fish River, from which the Caffers had been recently expelled by the British troops;

whilst they (the Boers) would occupy the country on the Kat and Koonap streams to the eastward. Gaika, however, showed himself too good a politician to be thus cajoled by his old antagonists. He told the deputies that he could not believe the colonists were serious in their proposal ; that he suspected their design was merely to decoy the Caffers into the open plains, with the view of more effectually destroying them ; but that, if they really meant what they said, he considered them to be very foolish men, as there was no probability of their succeeding in such an attempt ; and that finally, for his own part, he had no inclination to place himself, like a silly deer, between a lion on the one side and a wolf on the other (the English and the Dutch). He absolutely refused, therefore, to take any part in the quarrel.

This was not the only quarter in which the anticipations of the insurgents were doomed to be disappointed. Their design to raise the northern frontier through the means of Krugel had miscarried. In their own vicinity they were scarcely more successful. The Field-Commandant Van Wyk, a man of talent and intrepidity, and of great influence in the district, called out the burghers of his division (the Tarka) on military duty, in order to have them under his own eye. While thus assembled, Landdrost Stockenstrom, who, on the first intelligence of the intended revolt, had posted to the disturbed district, appeared in the midst of them, and harangued them with so much effect on the madness as well as the criminality of those who were treasonably attempting to organise an armed resistance to the Government, that the evil-disposed (if any were present) were daunted and the wavering confirmed in their loyalty.

Such was the effect of these combined causes, the premature discovery of their designs, the arrest of their principal leader, the refusal of Gaika to co-operate, and the energy of the local authorities, that the insurgents, when they drew together, could not muster more than sixty burghers; and of these the greater proportion were inexperienced hot-headed young men, too ignorant to be able to form any adequate conception of the power of the Government which they had thus dared to defy, but which they were totally incompetent to resist.

This band rode down to Van-Aard's, the nearest military post, and demanded the release of their captured leader, Prinslo; but as Captain Andrews did not think fit to comply, they retired without venturing upon an assault, and took possession of a pass which commands the valley of the Great Fish River, at the eastern termination of the Boschberg range, immediately below the influx of Bavian's River. Here they were met, a few days afterwards, by a detachment of British troops, hastily collected by Colonel Cuyler from the frontier garrisons, accompanied by a body of their own countrymen, the burgher militia, under their local officers. As Colonel Cuyler's force advanced up the hill called Slaughter's Nek, on the brow of which the insurgents were posted, the latter were seen shaking hands together, as a mutual pledge to fight to the last; and there were doubtless men among them, and especially some of the near relatives of the deceased Bezuidenhout, of a character sufficiently resolute and desperate to dare any extremity. But while they were levelling their long guns to take deadly aim at the leaders of the advancing troops, and voices were heard

loudly calling out in Dutch to the loyalist burghers to separate themselves from the military, in order to prevent bloodshed between brethren, Captain (afterwards Colonel) Fraser, ordering his men to halt, advanced alone to hold a parley with the rebels. A gun was levelled, and a finger was on the trigger, to seal the fate of this brave and generous officer ; but the weapon was struck down by William Prinslo—my future acquaintance, *Groot Willem*. Fraser called to their leaders and others whom he knew personally, and who loved and respected him. They gathered round him. He addressed them with energy on the folly of their attempting to resist the overwhelming force which, from more than one quarter, was advancing towards them ; and on the insanity of shutting themselves out from all hope of mercy by the fruitless shedding of blood. They were touched and convinced by his address. They wavered in their resolution ; and, after a brief consultation, all agreed to surrender,—with the exception of five of the more desperate delinquents, who seeing that “the game was up,” mounted their horses and fled up Bavian’s River. These men were, Hans Bezuidenhout, brother to the deceased Frederick ; Cornelius Faber, his brother-in-law ; Theunis de Klerk ; and Stephanus and Abraham Bothma ; all deeply concerned in organising the insurrection. The rest of the band delivered themselves up to Colonel Cuyler, who disarmed them, and marched them down to Uitenhage, to wait the orders of the Government.

Meanwhile, Captain Fraser was despatched with a party of Hottentot dragoons, to arrest the rebels who had fled. Bezuidenhout and Faber, who resided near the source of

the Bavian's River,* yoked their waggons, and putting their families and valuables into them, drove out of the valley and across the upland country towards the frontier, accompanied by the two Bothmas, and carrying with them their flocks and herds. Captain Fraser overtook them on the northern side of the Winterberg, upon one of the sources of the Tarka River; and, before they were aware of his approach, had placed his men in such a position as to intercept and surround them. Faber, who was riding in advance of his friends, in search of a convenient path for the waggons, first perceived the troops, and turned to give the alarm; but another detachment appearing behind, the unhappy fugitives saw that escape was impossible. Faber then alighted, and coolly levelled his gun to fire on the party nearest him—but received at that moment a ball through both shoulders, and was taken prisoner. The Bothmas were also seized without offering any serious resistance. But Hans Bezuidenhout, with a desperate courage, similar to that of his brother Frederick, deliberately placed himself by the side of his waggons, and opposed, single-handed, the whole force that surrounded him. He was repeatedly and urgently invited to surrender, but obstinately rejected all parley; and the soldier who approached him with a message was laid dead on the spot. His wife, a sister of Faber's, was an Amazon worthy of such a mate. Assisted by her son (a lad of fourteen years of age), she loaded seven muskets as fast as her hus-

* They occupied lands afterwards included in the Scotch Location. Bezuidenhout resided at the spot now called Craig-Rennie; and Faber had his kraal alternately at Clifton and Eildon. They lived in rude reed huts, and, excepting a small vineyard planted by Bezuidenhout, had scarcely made any attempt to cultivate the soil.

band could fire them off against the enemy, exclaiming, "Let us never be taken alive ! let us die here together !" After the soldier fell, a volley was poured in upon them, which severely wounded both Bezuidenhout and his wife ; but they still continued to fight with undiminished obstinacy, until at last a mortal shot finished the career of the former, and the wife, faint from fatigue and the loss of blood, was incapable of further resistance. The conduct of this woman astonished every one present. Though desperately wounded, such were her fury and firmness that she pertinaciously rejected all assistance from the military surgeon, who had come to dress Captain Fraser's arm, which had been accidentally fractured just before the skirmish. Her son, a bold-spirited lad, who had most courageously assisted his father in the conflict, was also severely wounded : but both he and the Amazonian mother ultimately recovered.

The sequel of the affair may be told in a few words. A Special Commission of the Court of Justice was sent up to Uitenhage to try the prisoners. Thirty-nine were capitally convicted ; six were condemned to death ; and the rest to minor punishments. Five were executed on the 9th of March, 1816, at Van-Aard's Post (Slaughter's Nek), where they first appeared in open rebellion ; namely, Hendrik Prinslo, Stephanus Bothma, Faber, De Klerk, and Abraham Bothma. The sixth prisoner, Krugel, was transported for life. The rest were condemned to witness the execution of their comrades ; after which some of them were set at liberty ; and the others were punished by fine, forfeiture, imprisonment, or banishment from the frontier districts, according to their less or greater share of criminality in these transactions.

The Dutch-African inhabitants of the Tarka and of the lower part of Bavian's River, by whom our location was on three sides environed, consisted in a great measure of the persons who had been engaged in this wicked and foolish rebellion, or their family connections, of the names of Erásmus, Prinslo, Vandernest, Bezuidenhout, Labuscagnè, Engelbrecht, Bothma, Klopper, Malan, De Klerk, Van Dyk, &c. They had, however, received a lesson not likely to be soon forgotten ; and we found them very submissive subjects to the Government, and inoffensive neighbours, so far as *we* were concerned.—*Author's Narrative.*

8.—*Captain Harding at Three-Fountains.* Page 40.

Captain Harding, now deceased, a very intelligent officer, who had seen much foreign service, was Deputy-Landdrost of Cradock at the time of our location, and for several years afterwards. We had frequent friendly intercourse with him and his family.

9.—*There's Landdrost Stockenstrom at Graaff-Reinet.*

Page 40.

Graaff-Reinet is a handsome country town situated at the southern base of the Sneeuw Bergen, or Snowy Mountains, and contains about two thousand inhabitants. Being well watered by a canal from Sunday River, and the streets planted with lemon trees, it looks like a green oasis in the midst of a brown and arid desert. Its prosperity and beauty are owing, in an eminent degree, to the exertions of the Stockenstroms, father and son, who were for upwards of

twenty years resident here as chief magistrates of the district. My friend, Mr. George Thompson, has given a good description of the place in his *Travels*, to which I beg to refer the reader. We stopped here three days, under the hospitable roof of Mr. M'Cabe, formerly military surgeon at Roodewal ; during which period I obtained much information respecting the northern districts of the colony and the wild tribes on its borders, from the landdrost, Capt. Stockenstrom, the district clergyman, Mr. Faure, and other intelligent local functionaries.

We left Graaff-Reinet on the 23rd in company with Jacob Maré, a respectable burgher of that place, who, with his wife and two daughters, was also bound for Cape Town with waggons. Having placed myself under the experienced guidance of old Jacob, we ascended the Sneeuwberg by a long and steep acclivity, proposing to travel for a considerable way along the summit of those mountains, on account of the excessive drought, and consequent want of water and pasturage, which prevailed in the Karroo plains below. The temperature of the Sneeuwberg was at this season very cold, and all the higher points were covered with snow. The loftiest peak, called Compass-Berg, is considered, according to the most accurate estimate yet made, to be 6500 feet above the level of the sea. The aspect of this elevated region was bleak, rugged, and bare of wood ; but well watered, and, for Africa, rich in pasturage. It consists of a sort of plateau or table-land, rising abruptly from the plains of Camdeboo and the Karroo in immense buttresses of naked rock ; the ledges or strata of which, as Mr. Barrow has accurately remarked, are so perfectly horizontal, and so regularly squared at the

angles, that but for their vast height and magnitude they might be taken for gigantic lines of masonry. The uppermost stratum consists of sandstone, intermingled at intervals with quartz : the bases are schists. There is no appearance of granite. The soil on the summit is a stiff clay, thickly strewed with loose stones, but bearing, where it can be irrigated, good crops of wheat and barley. There is no timber, and scarcely a thicket of brushwood throughout the whole of the Sneeuwberg ; so that the inhabitants are mostly obliged to use for fuel either a very small shrub (*Stoebe rhinocerotis*), or the dung of their cattle, dried like turf, and to bring timber for building either from the coast or from the forests of Glen-Lynden and the Kaha.

The following day we reached the place of Schalk Burger, an affluent grazier, where we spent the night. The house, which was large, substantial, and well-furnished, we found full of guests, there being not fewer than eight-and-twenty besides ourselves, all respectable-looking African farmers or travellers, mostly with their wives and children. How they were all accommodated I could not easily guess ; but when I made some apology for increasing the number of their visitors, in consequence of the piercing cold wind which prevented our sleeping in our waggons, the bustling hostess assured me, with a smile, that they had abundance of accommodation, and bedding for many more guests. So far as bedding went, this was certainly the case ; for on retiring to rest I was conducted to a *slaap-kamer*, containing three good curtained bedsteads, furnished with two, three, or four feather-beds each ; but in one of these were already deposited my wife and her sister. Such, indeed, was not unusually the

arrangement made for us when we slept (as we sometimes found it necessary to do) in the houses of the Dutch-African colonists during our journey. Even in the best houses in the remote districts, the sleeping apartments are few, and usually contain two or three beds each. In a country where there are no inns, and where universal hospitality prevails, the crowding of one or more entire families into the same bedroom cannot, perhaps, always be avoided, and, from having become customary, appears not even to be regarded as inconvenient. It is a custom which indicates both lack of refinement and great simplicity of manners. A century ago, a state of things not very widely dissimilar prevailed in the most respectable farmhouses of Scotland, and still prevails in the cottages of the peasantry.

We spent the following forenoon with this family, which furnished a pleasing specimen of the Sneeuwberg farmers, a class of men of whom Mr. Barrow thirty years ago gave so favourable a report. After breakfast, some more company arrived, whom I found to be neighbours and relatives come to spend the Sunday with our patriarchal host. We were soon after invited to attend their religious service in the hall, round which the whole company were silently seated ; and I was glad to see, what I had never witnessed on the frontier, that the slaves and Hottentots belonging to the household were also freely admitted. After singing some hymns and reading some portions of Scripture, our landlord addressed the company in an exhortation, apparently extempore, of about half an hour in length. It appeared to me very sensible and appropriate, and was listened to with every appearance of devout attention.

After this becoming service, all the company sat down to a plentiful and cheerful repast, consisting chiefly of stewed meats, according to the Dutch fashion, but very well cooked, and varied with baked fruits, pastry, pickles, and salads in abundance. The spoons and some of the other articles were of silver ; the capacious tureens of well burnished pewter ; the plates of China and English delf, with napkins, &c. There was country wine ; but glasses were only placed for the men, who drank of it very moderately ; the women not at all.

I left them in the afternoon ; much pleased with the good humour and good sense that seemed to prevail among these rustic inhabitants of the mountains. There was nothing very *Arcadian* certainly about them ; but their appearance was decent and comfortable, and their manners frank, hospitable, and courteous. Notwithstanding the heavy damage occasioned throughout the district by mildew in the crops, and recent violent rains, plenty was apparent everywhere. I afterwards learned, indeed, that our host was one of the wealthiest, and, at the same time, one of the worthiest men and best masters in the Sneeuwberg. His "substance" might almost have rivalled that of Job and Jacob in their most prosperous days. He possessed eleven *plaatsen*, or farm-properties, pastured by 13,000 sheep, and from 2000 to 3000 cattle, besides horses, corn, &c. He had only one son ; and, notwithstanding his unbounded hospitality, had saved much money ; and this, I was told, he generally lent out to his poorer neighbours without interest ; it being a maxim with this liberal man, that it is "more profitable to assist one's friends than to hoard money by usury."

As an evidence of the simplicity of manners existing among this class of people, I may mention that, notwithstanding the wealth of the family and their numerous coloured servants, Schalk Burger's only son drove himself our waggon with a team of oxen, with which his father had furnished me for the next stage, in order to keep my bullocks fresh for the arduous journey before us.

The hospitality for which the Dutch-African colonists have always been famed, I found still prevailing unimpaired in the Sneeuwberg. Not only this family, to whom it would have been an insult to have offered remuneration of any sort, but every other I visited in that quarter, positively refused any compensation for lodging or provisions; while many of them made us presents of loaves of fine bread, dried fruits, comfits, &c., although we were perfect strangers to them, and all that they could know of us was such slight information as might be furnished by our fellow-travellers, the Marés.—*Author's Narrative.*

10.—*Hart, Devenish, Stretch.* Page 41.

Half-pay officers, then employed in the superintendence of Somerset Farm, with all of whom and their families we had frequent intercourse.

11.—*Bird, Sanders, Morgan, Rogers, Pettingal.*—Page 41.

Officers stationed at the military posts of Roodewal and Kaha, or engaged in the Government survey of the neighbouring country.

12.—*The gay-humoured Captain Fox.* Page 41.

Captain (now Lieutenant-Colonel) C. R. Fox paid me a visit in my beehive cabin in 1822 ; and I had the pleasure of introducing him to a couple of lion-hunters and a “covey of elephants.” Six years afterwards we chanced to meet again in London, “among books and men,” when he repaid me (how amply I need not add) by seating me at his English fireside with Sir James Mackintosh and the poet Rogers.

———“The tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full, methinks, of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening fire.”

———
“Hail sweet Society! in crowds unknown,
Though the vain world would claim thee for its own,
Still where thy small and cheerful converse flows,
Be mine to enter ere the circle close.
Where in retreat —— lays his thunder by,
And Wit and Taste their mingled charms supply ;
* * * * *
Where genius sheds its evening sunshine round,
Be mine to listen ; pleased yet not elate,
Ever too modest or too proud to rate
Myself by my companions, self-compelled
To earn the station that in life I held.”

ROGERS' POEMS.

13.—*We welcome Smith or Brownlee, grave and good,
Or fervid Read.* Page 42.

I feel it to be truly an honour and a privilege to “enter on my list of friends” these three excellent and meritorious men.

The Rev. Alexander Smith, district clergyman of Uitenhage, is a most exemplary Christian pastor : nor know I how

to express a higher eulogy. Of the Rev. John Brownlee, Missionary in Cafferland, I shall only say, that I have endeavoured faithfully to portray his character in the sonnet entitled "The Good Missionary." His valuable Notes on the Caffers have been constantly referred to in my chapter upon that topic.

Mr. Read was the friend and fellow-labourer of Dr. Vanderkemp; and his services as a missionary among the Hottentot people have been inestimable. I have had occasion frequently to mention him in the Narrative. Mr. Read married a woman of the Hottentot race, and his family are consequently Mulattoes, a circumstance which in South Africa still involves a *social* proscription (though the 50th Ordinance has swept off all *legal* disabilities) only inferior to that existing in the United States: but now that the dragon Slavery is destroyed, its odious brood, the prejudices of caste and colour, must ere long also expire. Having on various occasions been a visitor for several days together in Mr. Read's house, I am enabled to add, that nothing can be more truly respectable and becoming than the whole demeanour of Mrs. Read and her well-educated and intelligent family, all of whom are now most diligently and successfully occupied in conducting Infant and Sunday-schools at the Kat River, among the rescued remnant of their long oppressed brethren.

14.—*Comes Philip with his apostolic tent.* Page 42.

The Rev. Dr. Philip, Superintendent of the Missions of the London Missionary Society, and author of "Researches in South Africa." In his missionary journeys, Dr. Philip used

to travel with a tent attached to the tilt of his waggon, to which the expression in the text refers, and in the shade of which, seated with him and the missionaries Read and Brownlee, in the wilds of Bruintjes-hoogtè and Camdebóo, I learned much of the African race which it has been pleasant and profitable to remember.

15.—*Ingenious Wright.* Page 42.

The Rev. William Wright (now Dr. Wright), a gentleman of no ordinary acquirements in Biblical erudition, of which he has just given a valuable proof in his translation of Seiler's *Hermeneutics* or "Art of Biblical Interpretation," with notes. He resided for ten years at the Cape, in the service of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; and was the only clergyman of the Church of England in the colony, during my residence there, who was friendly to the freedom, or active in promoting the improvement, of the coloured classes. He founded a school at Wynberg in 1821, and another at Cape Town in 1822, where free coloured and slave children were instructed; and he maintained the latter school entirely at his own expense until it was taken out of his hands by the colonial government in Oct. 1823.

16.—*Afar in the desert I love to ride.* Page 48.

The Great Karroo is an arid desert, about three hundred miles in length, by from seventy to eighty in breadth; bounded by the Sneeuwberg and Nieuwveld ridges of mountains on the north, and by the Zwartberg, or Black Mountain

ridge, on the south. It is not a sandy plain, and bears no resemblance to the Sahara, or the Arabian deserts. It consists of a sort of table-land, or elevated basin, thinly covered with an argillaceous soil, largely impregnated with iron, upon a substratum of rock or gravel. Some large portions of it are perfectly level, but in others the surface is diversified by slaty hills and eminences, some of which would appear considerable, save for the lofty mountains which bound the Karroo on all sides, except towards the east, where it extends into Camdebóo. Its medium height above the level of the sea is estimated at about three thousand feet. It is crossed by many beds of rivers, or rather torrents, most of which run from north to south, and find an exit for their waters to the coast through a few breaks in the southern chains of mountains. These rivers, however, are for the greater part of the year either entirely dried up, or furnish only a few scanty pools, barely sufficient for the wild animals—zebras, quaggas, ostriches, &c.—which frequent this inhospitable region. Not unfrequently even those brackish pools and fountains also fail, as was the case at the time of our journey; and then the Karroo becomes almost impassable by man, and a large portion of it uninhabitable even by the wild beasts.

In such a region, where rain is rare, and dews almost unknown, the vegetation must of necessity be at all times extremely scanty; and in summer, when the sun has dried the soil to the hardness of brick, it ceases almost entirely. Except along the courses of the temporary rivers, which for the most part are marked by a fringe of mimosas, not a tree, nor a bush, nor a blade of grass, decks the wide expanse

of the waste. Low stunted shrubs, resembling heath numerous species of fig-marigolds and ice-plants (*mesembryanthemum*), *ghanna-bosch* (*salsola*), *gorteria*, *asters*, &c. ; some sorts of prickly *euphorbia*, and other succulent plants and bulbs, whose roots Nature has fortified with a tenfold net of fibres under the upper rind, to protect them during the long droughts, are alone able to subsist in the arid Karroo. During the dry season even these appear to be for the most part parched into a brown stubble, thinly scattered over the indurated or slaty soil ; but in the early spring, when the ground becomes moistened with the fall of rain, these plants rushed into vegetation with a rapidity that looks like enchantment, and in a few days millions of flowers of the most brilliant hues enamel the earth. It is chiefly at this season, when the whole dreary waste may be said to be transformed into a vast flower garden, that the colonists of the Sneeuwberg, the Nieuwveld, the Bokkeveld, and the Roggeveld, whose alpine farms are then chilled with keen frosts and the piercing mountain winds, descend into the Karroo to pasture their herds and flocks on the short-lived vegetation.

At the time of our journey no rain had fallen on the Karroo for upwards of twelve months, so that I saw it under its most desolate aspect. Not a vestige of green pasturage was to be descried over the surface of the immense monotonous landscape ; and the low heath-like shrubbery, apparently as sapless as a worn-out broom, was the only thing our cattle had to browse on. No wild game was to be seen ; all had fled apparently to some more hospitable region.

—*Author's Narrative.*

17.—*By the skirts of grey forests o'erhung with wild vine.*

Page 50.

On our return to Enon by the valley of the White River, I visited the forest (properly so termed, as distinguished from the *bosch* or jungle) whence the settlement is supplied with large timber. It grew in a secluded glen or *kloof*, running up between the subsidiary ridges abutting from the Zureberg, and was accessible only by a narrow path, cut through the thickets. The forest itself, like all the woods I have seen in Africa, was choked up by a rank exuberance of undergrowth and creepers, to such a degree as to appear quite impenetrable until a path had been opened into its recesses by the axe. Among other parasitical plants, the *bavarian's-tow* (baboon's-rope) protruded itself in all directions, in a wild web of tangled vegetation. Climbing, like ivy, the trunks of the loftiest trees, it coiled its snake-like creepers along the branches, stretched them from tree to tree like the cordage of a ship, or flung them dangling in the air like ladders of ropes—fitting ladders for the monkeys which inhabit these woods, and from which adaptation the plant derives its colonial name. One species of monkey's-rope is the native vine of South Africa. It bears a fruit in size and appearance not unlike the large black cherry, seldom more than two or three in a cluster, and of a very delicate subacid taste. In summer, when it is in bearing, these clusters have a very tempting and beautiful appearance, hanging in festoons from the very summits of the highest yellow-wood trees; but, though wholesome, this fruit is rather too acidulent to be eaten in any quantity, unless when freed from the stone, and

sweetened with sugar as a conserve, as one finds it occasionally in the houses of the colonists. The leaves of this vine are shaped like those of the ivy, dark green and smooth on the upper, and rather woolly on the under surface ; not deciduous, but evergreen.

18.—*Away, away, in the Wilderness vast.* Page 52.

The Desert of Kalihari, north of the Orange River, and lying between the countries of the Bechuanas and Damaras, is said to be for the most part entirely destitute of water, so that the Bechuanas and Coranas in crossing it are forced to subsist on a species of wild water-melon, which grows abundantly on those arid plains.

19.—*The bitter melon for food and drink.* Page 52.

The wild water-melon of the Desert is a species of *Coloquintida*, and is bitter and pungent to the taste. I have seen on the skirts of the Karroo a species of prickly cucumber which is considered edible ; and Mr. Burchell mentions having found in a similar situation the *Stapelia piliifera*, a fleshy plant, with a cool and watery taste, which is much used by the Hottentots for the purpose of quenching thirst. These and other plants of the same character appear to be designed, by a beneficent provision of Nature, to mitigate the defects of climate, being only found in hot and arid tracts of country.—See Burchell, vol. i. p. 243.

20.—*The salt-lake's brink.* Page 52.


In the midst of those desolate regions, large lakes or reservoirs of native salt are frequently found ; formed

apparently by the heavy rains, which falling once in two or three years, wash into hollow places the saline particles with which the neighbouring soil is impregnated. During the long droughts which ensue, the water is exhaled, and the dry crystallised salt remains, white as a frozen lake, in the bosom of the dry parched land.

21.—*Stranger, I'm in the world alone !* Page 55.

"Ik ben alleenig in de waereld!" "I'm in the world alone!" was the touching expression of Marossi, the Bechuana orphan boy, in his broken Dutch, when he first fell accidentally under my protection, at Milk River in Camdebóo, in September, 1825. He was then apparently about nine or ten years of age, and had been carried off from his native country by the Bergenaars. He was sold to a Boer (for an old jacket !) only a few months previously, when the kraal or hamlet of his tribe had been sacked by those banditti in the manner described in the text. The other incidents of the poem are also taken from his own simple narrative, with the exception of his flying to the desert with a tame springbok—a poetical license suggested to me by seeing, a few days afterwards, a slave child playing with a springbok fawn at a Boer's residence.

This little African accompanied my wife and me to England : and with the gradual development of his feelings and faculties he became interesting to us in no ordinary degree. He was indeed a remarkable child. With a great flow of animal spirits and natural hilarity, he was at the same time docile, observant, reflective, and always unselfishly considerate of others. He was of a singularly ingenuous and



affectionate disposition ; and, in proportion as his reason expanded, his heart became daily more thoroughly imbued with the genuine spirit of the Gospel, insomuch that all who knew him involuntarily and with one consent applied to this African boy the benignant words of our Saviour—"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." He was baptised in 1827, and took on himself (in conjunction with Mrs. P. and me) his baptismal vows, in the most devout and sensible manner. Shortly afterwards he died of a pulmonary complaint, under which he had for many months suffered with exemplary meekness.

22.—*The Bushman's Cave.* Page 66.

We discovered among the rocks of Glen-Lynden two or three caves, or rather dens, which bore the obvious traces of having formerly afforded shelter or concealment to the Bushman race, by whom the whole of this district appears, at no very remote period, to have been inhabited. On the sides of those caverns or overhanging rocks many of the rude paintings of the Bushmen are still visible. They are executed chiefly with a sort of red ochre ; and represent with considerable spirit herds of various wild animals, and the hunters in pursuit of them. The paintings of the Bushmen are well described in Mr. Barrow's Travels.

23.—*Whose slender sprays above the flood
Suspend the loxia's callow brood.* Page 67.

Passing over the other feathered tribes, from the magnificent eagles of the Winterberg to the tiny but brilliant-

plumed family of sugar-birds (*Nectarinia*), which flutter like insects round the blossoms, I shall mention only in passing the singular contrivances of those species of the weaver-bird which suspend their nests from the branches of trees. The object of this precaution is obviously to secure their offspring from the assaults of their numerous enemies, particularly the serpent race. To increase the difficulty of access to these "tree-rocked cradles," they usually impend over a river or precipice, while the entrance is always from below, and frequently through a cylindrical passage of twelve or fifteen inches in length, projecting from the spherical nest, exactly like the tube of a chemist's retort. The whole fabric is most ingeniously and elegantly woven of a species of very tough grass; and the wonderful instinct or foresight (or whatever else we may choose to call it) displayed by the little architect in its construction is calculated to excite the highest admiration. I have often seen twenty or more of these beautiful nests hanging from a single tree.

24.—*Mount ! mount ! for the hunting with musket and spear ;
Call our friends to the field, for the lion is near.* Page 72.

In these verses I have attempted simply to express the genuine feelings of a rough African huntsman, and to describe the lion and his pursuers precisely as I have myself seen them. The individuals named are all of my own acquaintance; and the scenery is sketched from Nature. In illustration of the subject I shall subjoin descriptions of two lion hunts. The first is a passage from my own journal while a settler on the eastern frontier of the colony, in April, 1822.

I was then residing on my farm or "location" at Bavian's River, in the neighbourhood of which numerous herds of large game, and consequently beasts of prey, are abundant. One night a lion that had previously purloined a few sheep out of my kraal, came down and killed my riding horse, about 100 yards from the door of my cabin. Knowing that the lion, when he does not carry off his prey, usually conceals himself in the vicinity, and is very apt to be dangerous by prowling about the place in search of more game, I resolved to have him destroyed or dislodged without delay. I therefore sent a messenger round the location, to invite all who were willing to assist in the enterprise, to repair to the place of rendezvous as soon as possible. In an hour every man of the party (with the exception of two pluckless fellows who were kept at home by the women) appeared ready mounted and armed. We were also reinforced by about a dozen of the "Bastaard" or Mulatto Hottentots, who resided at that time upon our territory as tenants or herdsmen—an active and enterprising, though rather an unsteady, race of men. Our friends the Tarka Boers, many of whom are excellent lion-hunters, were all too far distant to assist us—our nearest neighbours residing at least twenty miles from the location. We were, therefore, on account of our own inexperience, obliged to make our Hottentots the leaders of the chase.


The first point was to track the lion to his covert. This was effected by a few of the Hottentots on foot. Commencing from the spot where the horse was killed, they followed the spoor through the grass and gravel and brushwood with astonishing ease and dexterity, where an inexperienced eye could discern neither footprint nor mark of any kind—until

at length, we fairly tracked him into a large *bosch*, or straggling thicket of brushwood and evergreens about a mile distant.

The next object was to drive him out of this retreat, in order to attack him in a close phalanx, and with more safety and effect. The approved mode in such cases is to torment him with dogs till he abandons his covert, and stands at bay in the open plain. The whole band of hunters then march forward together, and fire deliberately, one by one. If he does not speedily fall, but grows angry and turns upon his enemies, they must then stand close in a circle, and turn their horses rear outwards ; some holding them fast by the bridles, while the others kneel to take a steady aim at the lion as he approaches, sometimes up to the very horses' heels—crouching every now and then, as if to measure the distance and strength of his enemies. This is the moment to shoot him fairly in the forehead, or some other mortal part. If they continue to wound him ineffectually till he waxes furious and desperate ; or if the horses, startled by his terrific roar, grow frantic with terror, and burst loose, the business becomes rather serious, and may end in mischief, especially if all the party are not men of courage, coolness and experience. The frontier Boers are, however, generally such excellent marksmen, and withal so cool and deliberate, that they seldom fail to shoot him dead, as soon as they get within a fair distance.

In the present instance, we did not manage matters quite so scientifically. The Bastaards, after recounting to us all these and other sage laws of lion-hunting, were themselves the first to depart from them. Finding that the few indifferent hounds we had made little impression on the enemy, they

divided themselves into two or three parties, and rode round the jungle, firing into the spot where the dogs were barking round him—but without effect. At length, after some hours spent in thus beating about the bush, the Scottish blood of some of my countrymen began to get impatient, and three of them announced their determination to march in and beard the lion in his den, provided three of the Bastaards (who were superior marksmen) would support them, and follow up their fire should the enemy venture to give battle. Accordingly in they went, in spite of the warnings of some more prudent men among us, to within fifteen or twenty paces of the spot where the animal lay concealed. He was couched among the roots of a large evergreen bush, with a small space of open ground on one side of it, and they fancied, on approaching, that they saw him distinctly lying glaring at them from under the foliage. Charging the Bastaards to stand firm and level fair should they miss, the Scottish champions let fly together, and struck—not the lion, as it afterwards proved, but a great block of red stone, beyond which he was actually lying. Whether any of the shot grazed him is uncertain, but, with no other warning than a furious growl, forth he bolted from the bush. The pusillanimous Bastaards, instead of now pouring in their volley upon him, instantly turned and fled helter-skelter, leaving him to do his pleasure upon the defenceless Scots—who, with empty guns, were tumbling over each other in their hurry to escape the clutches of the rampant savage. In a twinkling he was upon them—and with one stroke of his paw dashed the nearest to the ground. The scene was terrific. There stood the lion, with his foot upon his prostrate foe, looking round in conscious



power and pride upon the bands of his assailants, and with a port the most noble and imposing that can be conceived. It was the most magnificent thing I ever witnessed. The danger of our friends, however, rendered it at the moment too terrible to enjoy fully either the grand or the ludicrous part of the picture. We expected every instant to see one or more of them torn in pieces ; nor, though the rest of our party were standing within fifty paces with their guns cocked and levelled, durst we fire for their assistance. One was lying under the lion's paw, and the others scrambling towards us in such a way as to intercept our aim at him. All this passed far more rapidly than I have described it. But luckily the lion, after steadily surveying us for a few seconds, seemed willing to be quits with us on fair terms ; and with a fortunate forbearance (for which he met but an ungrateful recompense) turned calmly away, and driving the snarling dogs like rats from among his heels, bounded over the adjoining thicket like a cat over a footstool, clearing brakes and bushes twelve or fifteen feet high, as readily as if they had been tufts of grass,—and abandoning the jungle, retreated towards the mountains.

After ascertaining the state of our rescued comrade (who fortunately had sustained no other injury than a slight scratch on the back, and a severe bruise in the ribs, from the force with which the animal had dashed him to the ground), we renewed the chase with Hottentots and hounds in full cry. In a short time we again came up with the enemy, and found him standing at bay under an old mimosa tree by the side of a mountain stream, which we had distinguished by the name of Douglas Water. The dogs were barking round, but afraid to

approach him, for he was now beginning to growl fiercely, and to brandish his tail in a manner that showed he was meditating mischief. The Hottentots, by taking a circuit between him and the mountain, crossed the stream and took a position on the top of a precipice overlooking the spot where he stood. Another party of us occupied a position on the other side of the glen; and placing the poor fellow thus between two fires, which confused his attention and prevented his retreat, we kept battering away at him till he fell, unable again to grapple with us, pierced with many wounds.

He proved to be a full-grown lion of the yellow variety, about five or six years of age. He measured nearly twelve feet from the nose to the tip of the tail. His fore-leg below the knee was so thick that I could not span it with both hands; and his neck, breast and limbs appeared, when the skin was taken off, a complete congeries of sinews. His head, which seemed as large and heavy as that of an ordinary ox, I caused to be boiled for the purpose of preserving the skull,* and tasted the flesh from curiosity. It resembled very white coarse beef—rather insipid, but without any disagreeable flavour.

Our neighbours, the Nimrods of the Tarka, disapproved highly of our method of attacking this lion in the bush, and said it was a wonder he did not destroy a few of us. They were highly diverted with the discomfiture of our three champions, and the story of “Jan Rennie en de Leeuw” still continues to be one of their constant jokes against the

* The skin of this lion, after being rudely tanned by the Hottentots, was, together with the skull, transmitted to Sir Walter Scott, as a testimony of grateful regard from some of his countrymen in South Africa.

Scotchmen. This is all fair, and it forms a just counterpoise in favour of our good-humoured neighbours, when the Scottish farmers quiz them too unmercifully about their uncouth agriculture and antediluvian ploughs and harrows.

Another hunting adventure, in which some of the Scottish settlers, together with a small party of English gentlemen and African Boers, were engaged in December 1825, is detailed in a pleasant little volume abstracted from the letters and journals of my amiable and intelligent friend, Mr. Philipps of Glendour, in Albany. It is entitled "Scenes and Occurrences in Albany and Cafferland;" and is a volume full of adventure and anecdote, and of amusing information relative to the wild animals and the native tribes of Southern Africa. After describing the rousing of a lion by the party, in a wild desert plain near the Zwart-Kei River, in the country of the Amatymbae or Tambookie Caffers, the author continues :—

"The lion abandoned the grove of mimosas, and we followed him in full cry across the open plain. The Tambookies, who had just come up and mixed among us, could scarcely clear themselves of our horses; and their dogs, howling and barking—we hallooing—the lion in full view, making for a small copse about a mile distant, and the great number and variety of antelopes on our left, scouring off in different directions, formed altogether one of the most animating spectacles that the annals of sporting could produce.

"Diederik Muller and Lieutenant Sheppard being on very spirited horses, were the foremost. Christian gave the signal to dismount when we were about 200 yards from the copse. He desired us to be quick in tying the horses,

which was done as fast as each came up ; and now there was no retreating. We were on lower ground than the lion, with not a bush around us. The plan was to advance in a body, leaving our horses with the Hottentots, who were to keep their backs towards the lion, for fear they should become unruly at the sight of him.

“ These preparations occupied only a few seconds, and they were not completed when we heard him growl, and imagined he was making off again. But no !—as if to retrieve his character from suspicion of cowardice for his former flight, he had made up his mind to attack us in his turn. To the growl succeeded a roar, and in the same instant we beheld him bearing down upon us, his eyeballs glistening with rage. We were unprepared—his motion was so rapid, no one could take aim, and he furiously darted at one of our horses, whilst we were at their heads, without a possibility of preventing it. The poor horse sprang forward, and with the force of the action wheeled all the other horses round with him. The lion likewise wheeled, but immediately couched at less than ten yards from us. Our left flank thus became exposed ; but on it fortunately stood Christian Muller and Mr. G. Rennie. What an anxious moment ! For a few seconds we beheld the monster at this little distance meditating, as it were, on whom he should first spring. Never did I long so ardently to hear the report of a gun. We looked at them aiming, and then at the lion. It was absolutely necessary to give him a mortal shot, or the consequences might be fatal to some of the party. A second seemed a minute. At length Christian fired. The under jaw of the lion dropped, blood gushed from his mouth, and

he turned round with a view to escape. Mr. Rennie then shot him through the spine, and he fell.

"At this moment he looked grand beyond expression. Turning towards us, he rose upon his fore-feet, his mouth gushing blood, his eyes flashing vengeance. He attempted to spring at us, but his hind-legs denied him aid. He dragged them a little space, when Stephanus put a final period to his existence, by shooting him through the brain. He was a noble animal, measuring nearly twelve feet from the nose to the tip of the tail."

The brothers Diederik and Christian Muller (Dutch African Boers), and their comrade in arms, Mr. George Rennie (one of the Scottish settlers), are three of the most adventurous and intrepid lion-hunters in South Africa. The Scotchman and the Africans have become almost inseparable associates, and often go on hunting expeditions for weeks together into the wilderness; sometimes subsisting for several days, in lack of other prey, upon the wild honey of the rocks and woods. Just before I finally left that part of the colony on my return to England in 1826, Diederik Muller, as a mark of his regard to me, went out and shot a lion, and sent me the skin and skull as a farewell present.

25.—*Slinger, and Allie and Dikkop and Dugal.* Page 72.

Slinger, Allie, and Dikkop were Hottentot servants on the location. Dugal was a Bushman lad, placed under my charge by Landdrost Stockenstrom in 1820. He was but partially *tamed*, poor fellow, and used to take himself off to the wilds, occasionally, for two or three days at

a time ; but always returned when he tired of the *veld-kost* (country food, *i.e.* wild roots). I named him Dugal after Sir Walter Scott's "Son of the Mist" of that name.

26.—*The tall giraffe stoops down to drink.* Page 76.

On conversing with some of the Bechuana chiefs respecting the characters and habits of the wild animals which inhabit their country, they stated that the lion occasionally surprises the camelopard or giraffe, when the latter comes to drink at the pools or fountains ; and that owing to the amazing power of that magnificent animal, he is sometimes carried away fifteen or twenty miles before his victim sinks under him. Anecdotes of this sort have, I believe, been formerly mentioned by travellers, and have been considered incredible ; but the evidence of my informant, old Teysho, one of the most intelligent chiefs of the Bechuanas who visited me in the colony, will probably be admitted as at least sufficient for poetical authority.

27.—*Sicána's ancient ground.* Page 81.

Sicána, a secondary chief, or captain of a Caffer hamlet, at the Kat River, was one of the converts of the missionary Williams. This remarkable man composed the first Christian hymn, or sacred song, ever expressed in his native tongue ; and after the decease of his teacher, he continued to instruct his followers in the blessed truths he had learned, until his own death.—(See Philip's Researches, vol. ii. p. 186.)

Sicána's Hymn, which I first heard sung to a plaintive native air, by some Christian Caffers who visited me at Glen-Lynden in 1825, was printed the following year in the *New Monthly Magazine*, from a copy with which I was furnished by Mr. Brownlee. It has been repeatedly reprinted since, as a curious specimen of a language remarkable for its euphonic rhythm, and for the peculiarities of its construction. Nor is it without great interest also in other respects. I now give it, with a literal translation, in which I have had the assistance of my ingenious and learned friend the Rev. Dr. Wright, who studied the language in the native hamlet of the Amakósa.

Ulinguba Inkulu siambata tina,

Ulodali bomi nadali pesula,

Umdala, uadala, idala izula,

Yebenza iniquinquis sixeliela;

Utiko Umkulu gozizuline,

Yebenza iniquinquis, Nosilimélz,

Umsi nakonana subiziele,

Umkokeli na sikokeli tina,

Uenze infama xenza ga bomi.

Imali inkula, subiziele;

Wena wena g'aba inyaniza,

Wena wena kaka linyaniza,

Wena wena klali linyaniza.

Inventa ink'inani sibiziele;

Ugase laku ziman'heba wena,

Usanhla zaku ziman'heba wena;

Umkokeli na, sikokeli tina,

Ulodali bomi nadali pesula,

Umdala, uadala, idala izula.

O thou Great Mantle which envelopes
us,

Creator of the light which is formed in
the heavens.

Who framed and fashioned the heavens
themselves,

Who hurled forth the ever-twinkling stars :
O Thou Mighty God of Heaven.

Who whirlst round the stars—the Plei-
ades,

In Thy dwelling place on Thee we call.
To be a leader and a guide to us.

O Thou who to the blind givest light,

Our great treasure, on Thee we call ;

For Thou, O Thou art the true rock ;

Thou, O Thou art the true shield ;

Thou, O Thou art the true covert.

On Thee, O holy Lamb, we call,

Whose blood for us was sprinkled forth,

Whose hands for us were pierced ;

O be Thou a leader and a guide to us,

Creator of the light which is formed in
the heavens,

Who framed and fashioned the heavens
themselves.

It is singular that the word *Nozilimélè*, or *Ixilimélè*, the Pleiades, in the above hymn, signifies literally the *Cultivators*; because the Caffers begin to plant their millet at the season when this constellation assumes a certain position in the southern hemisphere. This reminds us of the expression in Job, "Canst thou bind *the sweet influences of Pleiades*."

The tribes now *known* to speak, with but slight dialectic variations, the language of which the above is a specimen, are computed to amount to at least 650,000 souls, besides innumerable hordes farther in the interior, who are supposed to speak the same tongue, but with whom Europeans have not yet come into contact. By the persevering labours of these missionaries, exerted in brotherly competition in this good work, nearly the whole of both the Old and New Testaments have now been translated into the Caffer tongue, together with a copious vocabulary, and some elementary school-books and tracts.

28.—*Fast by his wild resounding river,
The listless Coran lingers ever.* Page 84.

The Corannas are a tribe of independent Hottentots inhabiting the banks of the Gariep, or Great Orange River, They are a mild, indolent, pastoral people, subsisting chiefly on the milk of their goats and cows, and by occasional hunting. Their arms are similar to those of the Bushmen,—assegaïs and poisoned arrows. In seasons of continued drought, or when plundered of their cattle by the Bushmen, or by the bands of banditti of Bastaard lineage, who at times infest their country, they are occasionally reduced to

extreme destitution, and are forced, like the Bushmen, to subsist on wild roots, ants, and locusts. On such occasions they are accustomed to wear a leathern band bound tightly round their middle, which they term the "girdle of famine." The "Arabs of the Desert" are said to employ a similar contrivance to alleviate the pangs of hunger, and call it "the girdle of emptiness."

29.—*The free born Kosa.* Page 86.

That tribe of Caffers whose territory is now divided from the colony by the river Keisi, or Keiskamma, are, in their own language, designated the *Amakósa*, and their country *Amakosina*. These are collective terms, formed from the word *Kosa*, which denotes an individual of the tribe, by adding the prefix *ama*, according to the regular usage of their language. The Chumi, Debè, and Kalumna, are border streams in the Amakosa territory.

30.—*With fragrant hoards of honey-bee*
Rifled from the hollow tree. Page 86.

In the country of the Amakosa wild honey is found plentifully, and the natives very frequently avail themselves of the assistance of the Honey-bird, or Bee-cuckoo (*Cuculus indicator*), in searching for it. This bird, which is of a cinereous colour, and somewhat larger than the common sparrow, is well known in South Africa for its extraordinary faculty of discovering the hives or nests of the wild bees, which in that country are constructed either in hollow trees,

in crevices of the rocks, or in holes in the ground. Being extremely fond of honey, and of the bees' eggs, or larvæ, and at the same time unable, without assistance, to obtain access to the bee-hives, Nature has supplied the Indicator with the singular instinct of calling to its aid certain other animals, and especially man himself, to enable it to attain its object. This is a fact long ago established on the authority of Sparrman, Vaillant, and other scientific travellers in Southern Africa.

With the habits of this curious bird I was myself acquainted during my residence in the interior of the Cape colony, and have often partaken of wild honey procured by its guidance. It usually sits on a tree by the wayside, and when any passenger approaches, greets him with its peculiar cry of *cherr-a-cherr ! cherr-a-cherr !* If he shows any disposition to attend to its call, it flies on before him, in short flights, from tree to tree, till it leads him to the spot where it knows a bee-hive to be concealed. It then sits still and silent till he has extracted the honeycomb, of which it expects a portion as its share of the spoil ; and this share the natives who profit by its guidance never fail to leave it.

Sparrman states that the Ratel, or Honey-badger (*Gulo mellivorus*) avails itself of the help of this bird to discover the retreat of those bees that build their nests in the ground, and shares with it in the plunder of them. Some of the Hottentots assert, also, that to obtain access to the hives in hollow trees, the Honey-bird sometimes calls to its aid the Woodpecker, a bird which finds in the larvæ, or young bees, a treat as enticing to its taste as the honey is to that of its ingenious associate. I cannot vouch, on my own knowledge,

for the truth of the latter statement ; but as it seems quite in conformity with the general habits of this singular bird, it may, at all events, be admitted as sufficient *poetical* authority for the following little fable, which, though written only for juvenile readers, has a moral serious enough to entitle it to a place among these African notices :—

The Honey-bird sat on the yellow-wood tree,
And aye he was singing—" *Cherr-cherra, cu-coo-la !* "
A-watching the hive of the blithe Honey-bee,
" *Cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a cu-coo-la !* "

The bee-hive was built in the hollow-tree bole,
" *Cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a cu-coo-la !* "
Without any entrance but one little hole,
" *Cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a cu-coo-la !* "

The Bees they flew in, and the bees they flew out,
" *Boom-a-boo, foom-a-boo, boom-a-buzz-zoola !* "
And they seemed to buzz round with a jeer and a flout,
" *Boom-a-boo, foom-a-boo, boom-bom-a-boo-la !* "

But the Honey-bird swore by the Aasvogel's* bill,
" *Cherr-a-cherr, Aasvogel, gob-a gob-oo-la !* "
Of their honeycomb he would soon gobble his fill,
" *Cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a-cherr, gobble-a-goola !* "

So he flew to the Woodpecker—" Cousin," quoth he,
" *Cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a cu-coo-la !* "
Come help me to harry the sly Honey-bee,
" *Cherr-a-cherr, Wood-peck-er, cherr-a chop-hoola !* "

Says the Woodpecker gravely, "To rob is a crime,
" *Tic-a-tac, tic-a-tac, chop-at-a-hoola—*
Besides, I hate honey, and cannot spare time,
" *Tic-a-tac, tic-a-tac, snap-at-a-snoola !* "

* *Aasvogel*, the Vulture. One of the most common species in South Africa is the *Percnopterus*, the Sacred Vulture of the Egyptians.

Quoth the Honey-bird, "Cousin, reflect, if you please,
Cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a-cu-coo-la!
 The honey-comb's half full of juicy young bees,
Cherr-a-cherr, cherr-a-cherr, gobble-a-goola!"

"Ha! ha!" cries the Woodpecker, "that's a strong plea—
Tic-a-tac, tic-a-tac, tac-at-a-foola!
 I now see the justice of robbing the Bee—
Tic-a-tac, tic-a-tac, snap-at-a-snoola!

"They're a *poly-pode* race, and have poisonous stings—
Tic-a-tac, tic-a-tac, chop-at-a-koola!
 And then they're but insects—and insects are things—
Tic-a-tac, tic-a-tac, snap-at-a-snoola!"

So the bee-hive was harried; and, after their toil,
"Cherr-a-cherr," "tic-a-tac," "snap-at-a-snoola!"
 The jolly birds jested while parting the spoil,
"Cherr-a-cherr," "tic-a-tac," "gobble-a-goola!"

"Poor Pigeons may prate about Natural Rights,"
 Quoth the Honey-bird, "*Coorra-a-moo, coorra-mur-roo-ra!*"—
 "But the merry Owl mocks such Poetical Flights,"
 Quoth the Woodpecker,—"Hu-hu-hoo! tu-whit! tu-whoor-r-a!"

While thus with pungent jibe and jest
 The friends gave relish to their feast,
 Suddenly burst on their ear
 Sounds of tumult, fury, fear—
 The rush of steeds, the musket's rattle,
 The female shriek, the shout of battle,
 The bellowing of captured cattle.
 —Flew the startled birds on high,
 Of this rout the cause to spy,
 Perched upon the topmost bough,
 Quoth Cuculus, "I see it now:
 Those unfeathered bipeds, MEN,
 Are at their bloody work again;
 Dutch and British in a band
 Are come to rifle Cafferland.
 Lo, like bees around their hive,
 The dusky Amakosa strive;

But they buzz and sting in vain,
 The honey-nest—the kraal is ta'en :^{*}
 Young and old in death are lying,
 And the harried swarm are flying ;
 While around the cattle pen
 Loudly laugh the 'Christian men !'
 How can Dutch or English care
 For Africans with woolly hair ?
 What care they who dies or lives ?
 They have got the bonny beeves.
 And, to hallow this day's work,
 They'll tithe the spoil to build a kirk ![†]
 —Faugh ! I hate that smell of blood,
 Let us down into the wood—
 Let us back unto our feast—
 We're no hypocrites at least !"

* The comparison of a Caffer kraal to a "honey-nest" is borrowed from colonial phraseology: and my friend John Tzatzoe, the Christian Caffer chief, gives the following illustration of its application:—In the close of 1816 or beginning of 1817, when the colonial government was in amity and alliance with Gaika, a commando was sent into Cafferland to attack Islambi. A letter was written to Mr. Williams the missionary, then settled under Gaika's protection at the Kat River, desiring him to apprise Gaika that the commando was entering the country, but that neither Gaika nor any of his adherents were the objects of it, but his enemy Islambi. The expedition accordingly marched in the direction of Islambi; but they found that chief so well prepared to give them a warm reception, that the Boers, who formed a principal part of the commando, became frightened, and said to the commander, Major Fraser, "You should never attack a honey-nest behind, but always in front. If we go farther into Cafferland, Sihambi may cut us off; let us attack Gaika in front." Major Fraser, says Tzatzoe, weakly allowed himself to be persuaded. The commando suddenly turned, and fell upon Gaika's kraals, along the Kat and Koonap rivers: killed one of Gaika's chiefs, and one chief and seven men of Enno's clan, and swept off an immense number of cattle.—See *South African Advertiser* for November 17, 1832, and March 10, 1833.

† Colonel Brereton's commando in 1818 plundered the Caffers of more than 23,000 head of cattle. A large number of these cattle were sold, and 3000 rix-dollars of the proceeds were allotted to build a church at Uitenhage. This consecrated fund was, however, afterwards devoted by the local authorities to a different purpose.

31.—*The honey-mead, the millet-ale.* Page 87.

A sort of mead, called honey-beer by the Hottentots, and *boialloa* by the Bechuanas, is used both by these tribes and the Caffers. Of millet beer or ale the Caffers have two kinds, the common sort termed *chaloa*, and the stronger *inguya*. The millet (*sorghum*) is first carefully malted, afterwards boiled in large earthen pots, and then regularly fermented with the aid of a root, which appears greatly to increase the inebriating effects of the liquor. This native beverage is used on all festive occasions, when war-songs of the most exciting character, and recited with much gesticulation, form usually one of the chief entertainments.

32.—*The countless springboks are my flock,
Spread o'er the boundless plain.* Page 89.

The springbok (*Antilope pygarga*) has been frequently mentioned with admiration by travellers and naturalists; but the immense migratory swarms of these animals which occasionally pour themselves like a deluge from the Bushmen territory upon the northern frontiers of the colony have never been so vividly described as by my friend Capt. Stockenstrom, the able and intelligent landdrost of Graaff-Reinet. In a letter addressed to me in February, 1824, and which was then published in *The South African Journal*, and afterwards appended as a note to Mr. Thompson's Travels, Capt. S. (himself a native of the country) thus describes scenes which he had often personally witnessed:—

“It is scarcely possible for a person passing over some of

the extensive tracts of the interior, and admiring that elegant antelope, the springbok, thinly scattered over the plains, and bounding in playful innocence, to figure to himself that these ornaments of the desert can often become as destructive as the locusts themselves. The incredible numbers which sometimes pour in from the north, during protracted droughts, distress the farmer inconceivably. Any attempt at numerical computation would be vain ; and by trying to come near the truth, the writer would subject himself in the eyes of those who have no knowledge of the country to a suspicion that he was availing himself of a traveller's assumed privilege. Yet it is well known in the interior that on the approach of the *Trek-bokken* (as these migratory swarms are called) the grazier makes up his mind to look for pasture for his flocks elsewhere, and considers himself entirely dispossessed of his lands until heavy rains fall. Every attempt to save the cultivated fields, if they be not enclosed by high and thick hedges, proves abortive. Heaps of dry manure (the fuel of the Sneeuwbergen and other parts) are placed close to each other round the fields, and set on fire in the evening, so as to cause a dense smoke, by which it is hoped the antelopes will be deterred from their inroads ; but the dawn of day exposes the inefficacy of the precaution, by showing the lands, which appeared proud of their promising verdure the evening before, covered with thousands, and reaped level with the ground. Instances have been known of some of those prodigious droves passing through flocks of sheep, and numbers of the latter, carried along with the torrent, being lost to their owners, and becoming a prey to the wild beasts. As long as these droughts last their inroads

and depredations continue ; and the havoc committed upon them is of course great, as they constitute the food of all classes ; but no sooner do the rains fall, than they disappear, and in a few days become as scarce on the northern borders as in the more protected districts of Bruintjes-hoogté and Camdebóo.

33.—*Makanna's Gathering.* Page 92.

Makanna, commonly known in the Cape colony by the name of Lynx, was a Caffer of extraordinary talents and address. By means of his powerful eloquence, and his pretensions to a prophetic mission from heaven, he acquired an amazing influence among his countrymen ; insomuch that, though originally of low rank, he at length obtained a complete control over the counsels of the Amakósa chiefs,—with the exception of Gaika (the chief acknowledged by the colonial government), who hated and avoided him. He was consulted by the elders and warriors of the nation in every affair of importance ; received numerous presents ; collected a large body of retainers ; and was acknowledged as a powerful chief as well as a gifted prophet.

At first, he appeared to be friendly towards the English, and often visited their head-quarters at Graham's Town to converse with the officers. He also received with kindness the Christian missionaries, who visited him in Cafferland in 1816 ; listened to them with earnestness, and assured them of his protection, if they would settle in the country to instruct the people. But in 1818, an internal war having broken out between Gaika and the other Caffer chiefs, the

colonial government thought fit to interfere in bel former ; and Lieutenant-Colonel Brereton was sent to the Great Fish River with a powerful commando, or band, who ravaged the lands of Makanna and federates Sihambi, Jaluhsa, Habanna, Congo, &c. their villages, drove the inhabitants into the w carried off about 20,000 head of cattle.

This unprovoked and cruel incursion roused the tion of the injured clans to the highest pitch ; for their women and old people had been slain by the troops in the thickets, or were perishing of famine, deprived of their only means of subsistence. Th of millet had been destroyed and their milch cow away by the " Christians."

Makanna roused them to revenge, and taught t to obtain it. Directed by his counsels, the Caffers themselves into the colony *en masse* ; and in a f drove the frontier colonists from their farms, carried great number of cattle, and cut off several military and small parties of European troops. At length boldened by success, and excited to enthusiasm by the appeals and favourable predictions of their pro Amakósa chiefs united their forces to attack Graham the head-quarters of the British troops.

On this occasion, Makanna is said to have addressed his warriors in an animating speech, the leading topics I have briefly hinted in the verses to which this note refers. He told them that he was sent by Uhl Great Spirit, to avenge their wrongs ; that he had called the spirits of heaven and the ghosts of their

assist them in battle against the English, and to turn the hailstorm of their firearms into water. "To battle! To battle! then," cried the prophet; "let us drive these accursed white men beyond the Zwartkops River, and into the ocean; and then we shall stay our hand, and sit down and eat honey."

Makanna had nearly realised his prediction. Graham's Town was assaulted by a Caffer army of 8000 or 9000 men, and was saved almost by a miracle. The Caffers were, however, at length repulsed, and retired in great disorder, leaving about 1400 slain behind them, chiefly mown down by grape-shot.

This formidable attempt, altogether unprecedented in Caffer warfare, alarmed the colonial government, and awakened all its vengeance. The burgher militia throughout the whole extent of the colony were called out and marched to the eastern frontier to assist in chastising the savages. Colonel Willshire, collecting all the disposable British and Hottentot troops, marched into the enemy's country in one direction, while Landdrost Stockenström, with his burgher commando of 1000 horsemen, swept it in another. The villages of the hostile clans were burnt, their cattle carried off, their fields of maize and millet trodden down, and the wretched inhabitants driven into the thickets, and there bombarded with grape-shot and congreve rockets. Dispirited by their late failure, defeated in every attempt at resistance, their women and helpless old people often massacred indiscriminately with the armed men, their principal chiefs, Sihambi, Congo, Habbana, above all, their prophet Makanna, denounced as "outlaws," and the inhabitants threatened with utter extermination, if

they did not speedily deliver them up, "dead or alive"—the Caffer people yet remained faithful to their chiefs. And though the prophet had lost much of his influence since the disastrous failure of his great enterprise, yet among the multitudes now driven to despair, and perishing for want around him, not one was found willing to earn the high reward offered for his apprehension by his "civilized" conquerors.

The course adopted by Makanna under these circumstances was remarkable. He voluntarily surrendered himself to Captain Stockenstrom; saying, with a magnanimity which would have done honour to a Greek or Roman patriot, "People say that I have occasioned the war; let me see whether my delivering myself up to the conquerors will restore peace to my country." Makanna surrendered himself as a hostage; but in expecting generous treatment from the "Christians," he gave the colonial rulers credit for feelings to which, unfortunately, they were utter strangers. Landdrost Stockenstrom, indeed, a native of the colony, and whose father had been a few years before slain by the Caffers in an ambuscade, appears to have been deeply touched by the conduct and heroic character of Makanna. But he was but a subaltern, without voice or power as to the disposal of his captive. Next day Colonel Willshire, the frontier commandant, claimed possession of the prisoner, and carried him along with him.


The following interesting passages are extracted from some notes taken at the time by Captain Stockenstrom, and subsequently placed in my hands by his kindness :—

"A few days afterwards, a small body of Caffers were seen at the edge of a thicket near Colonel Willshire's camp, who

made signs that they desired a parley. The Colonel, attended by another officer and myself, having moved towards them unarmed, two Caffers approached, and proved to be the one Sihambi's, and the other Makanna's chief councillors. They were, I think, as noble-looking men, and as dignified in their demeanour, as any I have ever beheld. After a few questions and answers relative to the disposal of Makanna (who by this time had been sent into the colony), and as to the prospects of an accommodation, the friend of the captive chief delivered himself in the following terms, in so manly a manner, with so graceful an attitude, and with so much feeling and animation, that the bald translation which I am able to furnish can afford but a very faint and inadequate idea of his eloquence.

“‘The war,’ said he, ‘is an unjust one, for you are determined to extirpate a people whom you have forced to take up arms. When our fathers and the fathers of the Boers first established themselves in the Zuurveld, they then lived together in peace. Their flocks grazed on the same hills; their herdsmen smoked together out of the same pipes; they were brothers—until the herds of the Caffers increased so as to make the hearts of the Boers sore. What those covetous men could not get from our fathers for old buttons, they took by force. Our fathers were *men*; they loved their cattle; their wives and children lived upon milk; they fought for their property. They began to hate the colonists, who coveted their all, and aimed at their destruction.

“‘Now their kraals and our fathers' kraals were separate. The Boers made commandoes on our fathers. Our fathers drove them out of the Zuurveld, and lived there, because



they had conquered it. There we were circumcised ; there we got wives ; and there our children were born. The white men hated us, but could not drive us away. When there was war, we plundered you. When there was peace, some of our bad people stole ; but our chiefs forbade it. Your treacherous friend Gaika always had peace with you ; always plundered you ; and when his people stole, always shared in the plunder. Have your patrols ever found cattle taken in time of peace, runaway slaves or deserters in the kraals of *our* chiefs ? Have they ever gone into Gaika's country without finding such cattle, such slaves, such deserters in Gaika's *own* kraals ? But he was your friend, and you wanted the Zuurveld. You came at last like locusts.* We stood, we could do no more. You said, "Go over the Fish River—that is all we want." We yielded and came here.

"We lived in peace. Some bad people stole perhaps ; the nation was quiet—the chiefs were quiet. Gaika stole ; his chiefs stole ; his people stole. You sent him copper, you sent him beads, you sent him horses—on which he rode to steal more. To *us* you sent only commandoes.

"We quarrelled with Gaika about grass : no business of yours. You sent a commando ; † you took our last cow ; you left only a few calves, which died for want, along with our children. You gave half the spoil to Gaika, half you kept yourselves. Without milk, our corn destroyed, we saw our wives and children perish ; we saw that we must ourselves perish ; we followed therefore on the *spoor* of our

* Alluding to Colonel Graham's commandoes in 1811 and 1812.

† Brereton's commando in 1818.

cattle into the colony. We plundered and we fought for our lives. We found you weak ; we destroyed your soldiers. We saw that we were strong ; we attacked your headquarters, * and if we had succeeded our right was good, for you began the war. We failed, and you are here.

“‘We wish for peace ; we wish to rest in our huts ; we wish to get milk for our children. Our wives wish to till the land. But your troops cover the plains, and swarm in the thickets, where they cannot distinguish the man from the woman, and shoot all.

“‘You want us to submit to Gaika. That man’s face is fair to you, but his heart is insincere. Leave him to himself. Make peace with us. Let him fight for himself, and *we* shall not call on you for help. Let Makanna loose, and Sihambi, Congo and the rest will come to you any time you fix. But if you will still make war, you may indeed kill the last man of us, but Gaika shall not rule over the followers of those who think him a woman.’

“This manly and moving remonstrance, which affected some of those who heard it even to tears, had no effect on Colonel Willshire, and obtained no release for Makanna, nor reprieve for the famished and hunted inhabitants. The commandant and his superiors were made of sterner stuff than to be melted by the misery of ‘Caffer savages.’ All efforts, however, to get possession of the persons of the other chiefs were unavailable ; even treachery was tried in vain. After plundering the country, therefore, of all the cattle that could yet be found, and leaving famine and devastation behind them, our Christian commando retired into the colony, without

* Graham’s Town.

gaining the object for which the war was professedly commenced, but with a spoil (including Brereton's, &c.) of about 50,000 head of cattle, captured from the famishing and despairing natives.

"Meanwhile, the unfortunate Makanna was carried captive to Cape Town, and confined by order of government on Robben Island, in the mouth of Table Bay, a spot appropriated for securing convicted felons, condemned slaves, and other malefactors, doomed to work in irons in the slate quarries. After being here for some time, Makanna attempted to effect his escape by seizing a fishing boat,—but was upset and drowned before he could gain the shore."—*Author's Narrative.*

34.—*Sons of Káhabee.* Page 92.

Káhabee, or Káhabi, the father of Slhambi, Jalúsha, Seko, &c., and grandfather of Gaika, is considered the patriarch of all the frontier clans, except the Amandanka and Gunuquebi, and his descendants and their vassals are to this day always addressed as "Sons of Káhabi." Hinza is the direct descendant from Galeka, the elder brother of Káhabi, and is, consequently, the chief highest in rank of the Amakósa tribe or nation.

35.—*Hark! 'tis Uhlanga's voice.* Page 93.

The term *Uhlanga*, sometimes used by the frontier Caffers for the Supreme Being, is supposed by the missionaries to be derived from *hlanganisa*, to join together.

36.—*His tribe is extinct, and their story forgot.* Page 99.

The *Ghona* or *Ghonaqua* tribe is here referred to. This tribe, which formerly inhabited the country between the Keis and Camtoos rivers, and of which so much has been written by former travellers, is now extinct. Of those who have survived the ravages of war and oppression, the greater part have become incorporated with the Gunuguebi clan of Caffers; and another remnant, formerly residing at the Kat River, under the ministry of the missionary Williams, have been partly re-assembled in that district with the other Hottentot settlers. Andrew Stoffels, one of the most intelligent men of that settlement, is a Ghona.—See Phillip's Researches, vol. ii. p. 191.

37.—*With the Gunja and Ghona, &c.* Page 100.

The *Gunja* or *Gunjaman* tribe of Hottentots was that which lived nearest the spot where Cape Town now stands, and who first ceded to the Dutch East India Company a tract of their country. Thunberg, who travelled in 1773, remarks that in his time this tribe was nearly extinct.

38.—*The lone Mankazana's margin grey.* Page 108.

The Mancazana is one of the principal branches of the river Koonap (which latter is itself a tributary of the Great Fish River), flowing through the country recently ceded to the colony by the Caffer chiefs. The chief sources of the Koonap, issuing from the skirts of the cold and cloudy

Winterberg, never fail, even in the severest drought. The numerous kloofs or glens of this mountainous region were, in former times, thickly peopled by Ghonaqua and Caffer clans ; but these native inhabitants have been entirely extirpated or expelled during the recent wars on the frontier.

A considerable portion of this conquered territory has been lately distributed by the colonial government among the Dutch Boers of the Somerset district. Previous to this distribution the Scotch settlers of Bavian's Kloof obtained possession of the upper part of the Mancazana valley, as an appendage to their original narrow location, and some families have now fixed their residence in it.

At the time, however, when I last visited this sequestered valley (November, 1825), it was still entirely uninhabited, as well as the adjacent country, for an extent of 40 or 50 miles towards the new colonial boundary. The remains of Caffer huts and hamlets were still thickly scattered through every grassy nook and dell ; but these having been long deserted and now fast crumbling to decay, the reflections they excited only served to increase the feeling of melancholy loneliness, which a country void of human inhabitants uniformly inspires. In other respects, the country appeared beautiful and inviting, being well watered and pleasingly diversified with glens and mountains, and picturesque rocks and forests ; the open grounds were covered everywhere with verdant pastures, over which thousands of wild game, quaggas, elands, haartebeests, gnoos, koodoos, and a variety of smaller antelopes were feeding undisturbed ; and the forest kloofs and jungles were still held possession of by the gigantic elephant, whose traces were everywhere visible, and whose strange

wild voice was heard by us the whole night long, as we bivouacked by the river, sounding like a trumpet among the moonlight mountains. (See also page 79.)

"The Scottish Exile's Song" is intended to express rather the supposed feelings of a desolate female emigrant, when first placed in the midst of an African wilderness, than the real sentiments of any of the Scottish settlers in that vicinity, who, amidst many difficulties and discouragements, have not failed to discover the actual advantages which the country possesses, and to prosecute them with the enterprise and perseverance characteristic of their nation.

39.—*Green Camalú.* Page 112.

Camalú, a glen at the source of the Kat River. The "Captive of Camalú" is supposed to express the feelings of some of those Caffers and Ghonaquas converted by the missionary Williams, who, after the devastating war of 1818, were forced to become bondmen among the Boers, or imprisoned in Robben Island.

40.—*He loves the midnight thunder.* Page 118.

Stormy nights are often selected by the Bushmen for making their predatory attacks. Sparrman states that they often rail at the thunder, and defy the lightning, with the exclamations *t'guzeri* and *t'gaunatsi*, which appear to be terms of sorcery or magical incantation. They make signals to each other, by night, by means of fires on elevated situations.

41.—*Luhéri high.* Page 118.

Luhéri, sometimes called Gaika's hill, is an elevated peak of the Amatola ridge which overlooks the Kat River valley on the east.

42.—*The debt of malice.* Page 119.

Alluding to the resentment of Makomo's clan, who had been driven out of the Kat River glen a few months before the settlement of the Hottentots.

43.—*The veld-kost.* Page 120.

Veld-kost, literally *country-food*, is the term used for the wild roots and bulbs eaten by the Bushmen, and also by the colonial Hottentots, on occasions of emergency. The edible bulbs, of which there are several kinds, are generally called *uyentjes* (onions) by the colonists. Among these *uyentjes* are the bulbs of the *Iris edulis*, and of several other liliaceous plants, some of which, when roasted in the embers, have very much the flavour of a chestnut. The bulb of a species of *cyperus-grass*, about the size of a hazel-nut, is a good deal used. What are called Hottentot-figs, or the fruit of many sorts of *mesembryanthemum*, are also considered *veld-kost*.

44.—*Brownlee and old Tshátshu side by side.* Page 124.

The Caffer chief Tzatzoe (pronounced *Tshátshu*), who was formerly associated with Congo in the Zureveld, resided for some little time at Bethelsdorp with Dr. Vanderkemp, and left

one of his sons to be educated by the missionaries. Young Tzatzoe, with whom I am personally acquainted, is now a well-informed and highly respectable man, and has become a most valuable missionary to his countrymen. In 1826 he accompanied Mr. Brownlee to the Buffalo River, in order to assist in establishing a missionary institution in the territory, and under the protection of his father, the aged chief.

45.—*The Neutral Ground.* Page 125.

During my residence at Eildon (Glen-Lynden), I made various exploratory excursions into the waste country lying between our valley and the new Caffer frontier, which had remained totally unoccupied since the native inhabitants were driven out of it in 1819. This tract, on its first acquisition by the colonial government, was termed the Neutral Ground ; afterwards the Ceded Territory. It comprises an irregular area of about 2800 square miles, or a million and a half of acres, of which the upper part, immediately adjacent to our location, is a mountainous region, intersected with deep glens abounding with wood, water and pasturage. The streams issuing from these glens and their numerous subsidiary kloofs from the Kat and Koonap Rivers.

The aspect of the country, though wild, was rich and beautiful. It was watered by numerous rivulets, and finely diversified with lofty mountains and winding vales, with picturesque rocks and shaggy jungles, open upland pastures, and fertile meadows along the river margins, sprinkled as usual with willows and acacias, and occasionally with groves of stately geelhout. Many of the mountain sides and kloofs

were clothed with forests of large timber. At the time I refer to, the whole of this tract had been for some years abandoned to the undisputed occupation of the wild animals, which had consequently flocked to it in great numbers from the surrounding districts. In no other part of South Africa have I ever seen so many of the larger sorts of antelopes ; and the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the buffalo were also to be found in the forests, though we *saw* none of these animals on this occasion. But the remains of Caffer hamlets, scattered through every grassy nook and dell, and now fast crumbling to decay, excited reflections of a very melancholy character, and occasionally increased, even to a most painful degree, the feeling of dreary *lonesomeness* which the wild grandeur of the scenery tended to excite.—*Author's Narrative.*

46.—*A Heemraad of Camdeboo.* Page 126.

A Heemraad was a provincial functionary somewhat analogous to a justice of the peace, and was a member of the landdrost's board.

Camdeboo, a Hottentot word signifying *green elevations*, is a term applied to the projecting buttresses which support the Snowy Mountains, and which are mostly covered with verdure ; and the adjacent district of country is called by that name.

47.—*From the black taint free.* Page 127.

The prejudice of colour is so strong in the Cape colony, or at least was so a few years ago, that any white man who

should *marry* a native or coloured female would be considered to have greatly degraded himself, if not to have altogether *lost caste*.

After the augmentation of our territory by the colonial government, I willingly availed myself of a convenient opportunity which offered for increasing the native population upon it, and thereby adding at once to our means of security and our profitable occupation of the land. It happened that several of the Mulatto Hottentots (*Bastaards*) who had been stationed with us during the first six months, belonged to a small body of that class who had for many years resided at Zwagershoek, under the protection of an old German settler of the name of Stollz. A favourable report, it appears, had been carried to this man of the treatment the coloured caste had experienced at Glen-Lynden ; for in August, 1821, old Stollz wrote me a letter, requesting me to receive hospitably (*herbergzaamlyk*) upon our grounds certain families of his Hottentot vassals ; and some time afterwards he sent over a messenger to entreat me urgently to visit him without delay, as he was about to die, and was anxious to confer with me respecting the future disposal and protection of his coloured dependents. I rode over accordingly with Mr. G. Rennie to see the old man ; but when we reached Zwagerhoek, we learned that Stollz had died two days before, and that we were only in time to attend his funeral. It took place next day, and was curious and characteristic enough. The scene of the funeral dinner reminded me of some of Sir Walter Scott's graphic sketches. The only real mourners were the coloured people, who were not admitted to the feast, and only permitted to follow the funeral

at a humble distance. The landed property left by the deceased fell into the hands of covetous strangers ; and the Mulattoes, who had occupied a large part of it as tenants and cottagers, were speedily dispossessed. The most of these people flocked over to Glen-Lynden, where we engaged some of them as herdsmen and farm servants, and placed those who had cattle as tenants upon our unoccupied lands, upon condition, generally, of their rendering certain services in the cultivation of the soil. By this means we greatly strengthened our own hands, while we had at the same time the satisfaction of protecting and benefiting those oppressed and despised people. A dozen families or more thus found a temporary settlement in our valley, some of whom, under the sheltering patronage of old Stollz, had accumulated considerable property. One old man, Klaas Eckhard (who had lost a hand and an eye, but to make amends had two wives), possessed an ox-waggon, 60 head of cattle, 25 horses, and about 1000 sheep and goats. Nicholas Blok, who had been steward to Stollz, had a waggon, a plough, 48 cattle, 18 horses, and about 500 sheep and goats. Joseph Arendz had a waggon, 50 cattle, 10 horses, and about 300 sheep and goats. Some others had cattle in smaller numbers. But two brothers, Christian and Karel Groepe, who had previously become tenants to my father, had a stock of sheep, cattle, and horses, more numerous than any of the rest, and equal to many of the poorer Boers. These Groepes were the sons of an old German settler, who had once been field-cornet of Zwagershoek, but who (now in extreme old age) was considered to have *lost caste*, from his associating with his own children by a Hottentot woman.

When these people came to reside at Glen-Lynden, our immediate district magistrate, Captain Harding, had considerable doubts whether the colonial laws would sanction our receiving them on our grounds as *tenants* merely, without also indenturing them in every case as our *servants*. The almost universal usage throughout the colony was to consider all Hottentots, whether of pure or mixed blood, as under a legal obligation of *contract of servitude*; and Captain Harding, though a humane man and an able and upright magistrate, had adopted the same prejudice. As I differed from him about the application of a coercive clause in Lord Caledon's proclamation of 1809 to such cases as the present, the matter was referred to the chief magistrate of the district, Captain Stockenstrom, who decided in favour of the more liberal interpretation, and thus the Mulattoes of Zwagershoek became our tenants.

As every adult male among them possessed at least a musket and a horse, and they looked to me as their immediate protector, I now found myself in the novel situation of a petty "border chief;" being able to muster upwards of thirty armed horsemen (including our own party and the six Hottentot soldiers) at an hour's notice. We therefore considered our location perfectly secure from any serious attack of the wild natives in the vicinity.

These Mulattoes were an acute, active, and enterprising race of men; but their unhappy condition as a degraded caste, and the irregular sort of life they had led, in some respects, under old Stollz, were not favourable to the formation of habits either of steady industry or strict morality. Stollz himself had exhibited the evil example of living in habitual

concubinage; and what was still more prejudicial, the sanctions of legal marriage were refused by the colonial church to their unions, except upon both parties exhibiting qualifications, which in nineteen cases out of twenty were quite unattainable in their existing circumstances. For instance, the clergyman of the district had refused to marry Christian Groepe, one of the most respectable and well-educated of these men, to the woman who had been his faithful partner for nearly a dozen years, and had borne him eight children, merely because the poor woman, after several attempts, could not accurately repeat the Church Catechism! The fact is, there existed a strong prejudice among the white colonists against the full admission of the coloured class to ecclesiastical privileges, and the majority of the colonial clergy were so little alive to the apostolic duties of their sacred office as to lend their sanction, directly or indirectly, to these unchristian prejudices, which were also countenanced by the colonial laws.

Notwithstanding, however, these and other disadvantageous circumstances, our Mulatto auxiliaries were, as a body, on the whole extremely well-behaved. Their marriage unions, though acknowledged neither by the law nor the church, were, with rare exceptions, permanently and strictly adhered to. Though too much addicted to hunting and other idle habits of semi-civilised men, they were not unwilling to labour, and to labour vigorously, when an opportunity was afforded them of thereby improving their circumstances. Occasional inebriety, when temptation assailed them in the shape of a brandy hawker's waggon (one of the worst nuisances of the colony), was perhaps their

greatest vice. But not a few had virtue to resist even this besetting sin, when, duly admonished of its enormity; and the worst of them did not surpass in the indulgence of this vice many both of the Dutch and English colonists. With few exceptions, they attended regularly and devoutly at our Sabbath service; and, what was still more gratifying, they evinced great anxiety to learn to read, and to obtain copies of the Scriptures for the instruction of their children.
—*Author's Narrative.*

48.—*The Bovenland.* Page 127.

The term *Bovenland* (Upper Country) is used to signify those parts of the colony nearer to Cape Town, or Cape Town itself.

49.—*Long-barrelled roer.* Page 128.

Roer signifies simply *gun*; but the term is more especially applied to the heavy long-barrelled guns used by the Boers for hunting elephants and other large game.

50.—*Far o'er Bruinijes-hoogtè.* Page 128.

Bruinijes-hoogtè (the Height of Bruintje) is the appellation of a long ridge or elevation running out from the Boschberg, which bounds abruptly the arid plains of Camdeboo on the east.

51.—*Gauritz' fair glen.* Page 129.

The Gauritz River bounds the district of Swellendam on the east, and falls into the sea near Mossel Bay.

52.—*Lone Zitsikamma.* Page 129.

Zitsikamma is a wild tract of forest country, lying along the coast west of Camtoos River.

53.—*The sons of the bond.* Page 131.

By the Cape colonial laws, as by those of most other slave colonies, the children of a free man by a slave woman became legally the *property* of the *owner* of the female, unless where they could be proved to be that owner's own children. In this latter respect the Dutch colonial law was somewhat better than either the French or the English. But in the fictitious case given in the text, the children as well as the mother might be claimed as the property of the legal owner. The *story* of the poem is founded on facts, which occurred some years ago in a different quarter of the colony.

54.—*And dare not meet His eye.* Page 134.

Long after the sketch entitled "The Slave-dealer" was written, I found the following account of a case remarkably similar to the supposed one, related by the Rev. T. R. England at an anti-slavery meeting at Cork, in September, 1829 :—

"One day I was sent for to visit a sailor who was approaching fast to his eternal account. On my speaking to him of repentance, he looked sullen and turned from me in the bed ; of a great God, he was silent—of the mercy of that God, he burst into tears. 'Oh !' said he, 'I can never expect mercy from God. I was ten years on board a slave ship, and then superintended the cruel death of many a slave.

Many a time, amid the screams of kindred, has the sick mother, father, and newborn babe, been wound up in canvas and remorsefully thrown overboard. Now their screams haunt me night and day, and I have no peace and expect no mercy ! ”

55.—*Ah, hapless youth, why wouldst thou roam ?* Page 139.

The author's mother was a daughter of Mr. Thomas Haitlie, a Berwickshire farmer ; and to the memory of this revered parent, whom he lost at the early age of six years, he seems to have clung with extraordinary fondness. In one of his poems, the “Autumnal Excursion,” he thus expresses himself :—

“And when that gentlest human friend
No more her anxious eye could bend
On me, by young affliction prest
More close to her maternal breast,
I deem'd she still beheld afar
My sorrows from some peaceful star ;
In slumber heard her faintly speak,
And felt her kiss upon my cheek.”

His maternal relatives, who settled near Cape Town, pronounce and spell the family name Heatlie. One of them, the Hon. T. Heatlie, is a member of the Legislative Council of the Cape colony.

56.—*He has no gratitude.* Page 153.

Such was the common allegation of the colonists respecting the Hottentots, and frequently have I heard it repeated. My own experience enables me totally to deny its truth. But

as a body, how could *gratitude* be *then* expected from them by the white men ?

57.—*The proud "Christian-Men."* Page 155.

Christian men (*Christen menschen*) is the term always used by the Boers to distinguish themselves from the coloured races.

The Rev. Mr. A. Faure, formerly minister of Graaff-Reinet, mentioned to me, that having occasion in his clerical capacity to attend the execution of a Bushman malefactor, the savage fiercely interrupted his religious exhortation with the following exclamation :—"I knew you would kill me, you murderer! for my father always told me to beware of the white men, because they would kill me, and I see he has spoken the truth."

58.—*Franschehoek.* Page 157.

The French Protestant refugees, who emigrated to the Cape of Good Hope on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, were settled by the Dutch Government in the secluded valley of Franschehoek (or French Corner), so named from that circumstance.

59.—*I found a Nameless Stream among the hills.* Page 163.

Having sent this sonnet, written in a fit of despondency, to my friend Fairbairn, he kindly reproved the feeling I had indulged in, by transmitting, by return of post, the follow-

ing, in which, though tinged perhaps with a little mysticism,
I "owned the strain was of a higher mood :"

I found a Stream among the hills by night ;
Its Source was hidden and its End unknown ;
But Heaven was in its bosom, and the throne
Which there the Sun fills beautifully bright
Here held the lesser and the lovelier light ;
Nor seemed the excelling beauty less alone
Because the Stars her handmaids round her shone,
And homelier Earth did with the throng unite.
I thought not of its Source nor of its Ending ;
'Twas but the mirror of enchanting things,
Where Heaven and Earth, their softest graces blending,
Owned the new world which from their union springs.
Thus be my soul TRUTH's purified abode ;
Whence, or for what, I am, is thine, O God !

I shall conclude my volume with another specimen of Mr. Fairbairn's poetry, which will probably cause the reader to share in the regret of his friends, that one who can write so well has written so little. It is entitled "The Heart's Confession :"—

Heart-wrung with grief and bitter care,
Thy wounds unsalved and bleeding still,
Who pierced thee thus, poor heart, declare?
—" 'Twas my own will."

Thy will ! What tempter, full of guile,
Could turn thee from thy hopes aside,
And life's young well with wrath defile ?
—" 'Twas my own pride."

Bad counsellor ! When all around,
Great, Fair, and Good, conspired to move,
From humble joys what had thee bound ?
—" 'Twas my self-love."

And the children were with
 The father on his aged knee,
 The mother to assist in prayer—
 —"I could not sleep."
 Each creature from Heaven her praises sang,
 And Father, with his aged hand,
 The sacred name pronounced then,
 —"I could not sleep."
 Withstood from earth and heaven returned,
 Light was shed on that within
 The darkness was by wisdom opened,
 —"I could not sleep."

So—The spirit of prayer was the wife of
 And after all the men the infant love
 There the young love that held me in their still

Page 165.

My residence in Cape Town continued from September 1805 to February 1809, with the interval only of one short excursion, to which I shall afterwards advert. This period was, by far, the busiest, and, to me, the most eventful portion of the six years which I spent in South Africa. But as it would be impossible, even were it desirable, to comprise in this volume a detailed account of all the transactions in which I was then engaged, I shall confine myself chiefly to such characteristic occurrences as may best serve to convey to English readers some idea of the state of the colony at that period.

For some time after my first arrival in Cape Town, things appeared to wear a very favourable aspect. The Governor had declared himself a friend to the mitigation of slavery, and had just issued a proclamation containing some beneficial

and many plausible enactments ; and for the first time in the history of the colony, a white man was capitally punished for the murder of a slave. Great anxiety was professed for the establishment of English schools, and the encouragement of the English language and literature in South Africa. The public library, now under my personal charge, appeared to be warmly patronised by the Governor, and by all the chief functionaries. There was some talk also of offering me the superintendence of the Government Gazette, and of rendering that journal subservient to the diffusion of useful information throughout the colony. This was an object quite to my liking, and in which I only wanted the countenance of Government to engage my most devoted services.

While matters exhibited this encouraging aspect, and while I saw opening around me fields of public usefulness far beyond my own humble powers adequately to occupy, I wrote home to invite Mr. Fairbairn, an early and intimate friend, to join me at Cape Town, in order to share with me in the toils, and (as I then hoped) the honours, of the career I had too sanguinely sketched out for our conjoint activity. My friend, with an ardour equal to my own, and with talents and acquirements far surpassing mine, came at my call—to share my toils—and with me to suffer treatment to which I shall leave the reader to apply the fitting epithet when he has read this chapter.

Long before Mr. Fairbairn had joined me, however, I had acquired a more intimate acquaintance with the character of the colonial administration, and formed a truer estimate of their views. I soon saw that their professed anxiety to encourage education and the diffusion of knowledge, was

a piece of political hypocrisy assumed to cloak the real character of the government from the prying eyes of his Majesty's Commissioners of Inquiry, whose arrival in the colony was then daily expected. Of Colonel Bird's inclination to promote my views, and to encourage a more liberal use of the press than had formerly been permitted, I could have no doubt ; but that officer no longer possessed any influence. An irreconcilable quarrel had taken place between him and Lord Charles Somerset ; and his Excellency's counsels were now chiefly directed by a man who once pretty accurately described his own character by saying, that he was "a Whig in principle and a Tory in practice." His *avowed* principles were generally sound and liberal ; but he was not long in proving himself to be the unscrupulous promoter of measures utterly subversive of all enlightened policy and good government. He might be termed the Metternich of our petty political theatre ; and he seemed to suit the times and the place, for the Governor, under the flimsy veil of late-assumed liberality, was by education, habit and character, as determined a foe to free discussion, and as intolerant of any the slightest opposition to his own arbitrary will and narrow views, as if he had been bred up at the feet of the Holy Alliance.

From such a Government I saw there was little to hope ; but, as great reforms were anticipated from the investigations of the Commissioners of Inquiry, I resolved to keep myself as independent of government patronage as I could, and look forward to better times. Meanwhile, it was necessary to secure a competent income for my family ; for my appointment in the library was not only inadequate in

emolument, but also (as I was speedily made to feel) most precarious in tenure—being, in fact, like almost every other appointment in the colony, entirely dependent on the pleasure of the Governor. I therefore made arrangements for receiving under my charge a few youths, for private tuition, and had soon as many from the principal families of the place as I could conveniently attend to.

In renouncing all idea of connection with the Government Gazette, however, I did not abandon my views of rendering the press subservient to the grand object of public instruction, but determined to establish, if possible, an independent periodical in Cape Town. I was encouraged to prosecute this purpose by the most enlightened inhabitants of the colony, both English and Dutch; and I soon found a zealous coadjutor in the Rev. Mr. Faure, one of the Dutch clergymen of Cape Town, who entertained similar views for the instruction of his countrymen.

As we made no secret of our scheme, some rumour of it soon reached the ears of the Governor; and while we were engaged in preparing a prospectus for public circulation, and a memorial to his Excellency, soliciting permission to publish our projected journals (without which we knew we could not proceed a single step), I received a visit from a gentleman, previously unknown to me, a confidential retainer, at that time, of our Colonial Court. He strove earnestly to persuade me that the prosecution of the enterprise I had in view, would be detrimental to my personal interests in the colony; but finding me deaf to his representations on that score, he at length plainly told me that Lord Charles Somerset had expressed to him his opinion in

regard to our projected undertaking—and that his Excellency's opinion was decidedly adverse to it.

Unmoved by this intimation, Mr. Faure and I sent in our memorial to the Governor on the 3rd of February, 1823. After waiting five weeks, we received a verbal reply through the lips of the Colonial Secretary, in the following words :—
“ His Excellency the Governor has not seen your application in a favourable light.”

This response was rather too much in the “Grand Seignior” style to satisfy me ; and I spoke of writing again, to solicit either the honour of a personal interview, or the satisfaction of a written reply. This course, the Colonial Secretary (as a private friend) anxiously deprecated. The Governor's jealousy of an independent press, he said, was too deep-rooted to be influenced by any force of argument ; and to demand a written reply would be regarded as a most offensive proceeding. If insisted on, he significantly added, that a written reply would doubtless be given, but probably in such terms as might prove most prejudicial to my future prospects in the colony. Such being the state of things, there was no alternative but either to transmit our application to the Home Government, and thus place ourselves in an attitude of opposition to the Governor, or submit in silence, and wait patiently for better times. Like prudent men we chose the latter course.

The Commissioners, Mr. Bigge and Major Colebrooke, arrived in July following. They received with attention all my communications, and, so far as I could judge, appeared disposed to appreciate fully my views in regard to the press. But their commission did not authorise them to

interfere, or even to express an opinion in the colony, on this or any similar topic. They could only report to the Home Government ; and to us there was, therefore, still no choice but to wait the result with renewed patience.

A few months afterwards, Mr. Fairbairn arrived ; and as there now appeared only a remote probability of our being enabled to avail ourselves of the important services of the press in furtherance of our schemes, we resolved to direct our exclusive attention, for the present, at the establishment of a private academy for the instruction of the colonial youth. There existed at that period no public institution for classical education, and no private academy of any respectability, with the exception of one recently opened for the Dutch-African youth by my friend Mr. Faure. Our scheme was therefore warmly encouraged by the most influential inhabitants of Cape Town and its vicinity, and especially by such of the civil functionaries and military officers as had families. Thus supported, we furnished a large house in the outskirts of the town, and opened our academy with the most favourable prospects of success. Nor were those anticipations erroneous. In a very short time, we numbered among our pupils the sons of almost all the principal British residents, and many of the Dutch ; a considerable number being placed as boarders under my roof. The regular superintendence of the establishment devolved on Mr. Fairbairn, who was eminently qualified to do it justice, being an accomplished scholar, well versed both in ethical and physical science, and experienced in classical tuition. My own services in the establishment were comparatively of slight importance ; and my time, moreover, was still almost

entirely occupied by the attendance required at the government library.

While matters were in this position, I was surprised, on the 2nd of December, by a summons from the Governor to receive a communication on the subject of the press. His Excellency informed me that Earl Bathurst had been pleased to permit the publication of our proposed journal, provided care was taken that nothing appeared in it "detrimental to the peace and safety of the colony." After some admonitory remarks of his own, Lord Charles gave, with obvious reluctance and with a very ill grace, his sanction for us to proceed with the publication.

The way being thus opened, Mr. Faure and I immediately announced our intention of publishing our respective journals in Dutch and English every two months alternately,—six numbers of either publication thus appearing annually. Mr. Fairbairn then joined me as co-editor of the *South African Journal*. Mr. Faure's work was entitled "De Zuid-Afrikaansch Tydschrift," which has the same signification in Dutch.

At the same time, Mr. Greig, a printer, who had recently arrived from England, and established a printing press in Cape Town, commenced the publication of a weekly newspaper, entitled the *South African Commercial Advertiser*. Every such attempt had heretofore been at once arbitrarily quashed by the colonial authorities ; but the presence of the Commissioners of Inquiry, and the decision of Earl Bathurst in our case, deterred the government from then directly interfering with Mr. Greig's publication, although they went as far as they decently could to discountenance and

discourage it. The first number of this newspaper appeared on the 7th and a second on the 14th of January, 1824. Hitherto, neither Mr. Fairbairn nor I had any connection, and scarcely any acquaintance, with Mr. Greig ; but after issuing his first two numbers, he found himself in want of editorial aid, and solicited us to undertake the literary management of the paper. As the control of an efficient press, with a view to the diffusion of useful knowledge throughout the colony, was the great object of our ambition, we agreed, after coming to a clear understanding in regard to principles, to undertake this charge also.

For a few months everything went on most prosperously. The newspaper, which we published both in English and Dutch, was popular beyond our most sanguine expectations ; and our magazine, of which the first number was issued on the 5th of March, was also warmly welcomed by a respectable body of subscribers. We were anxious to merit public support by indefatigable attention to our various duties. Nor had we undertaken more than what with systematic industry and division of labour we could easily execute. I had ample leisure in the government library for literary composition ; and, with a coadjutor so able, the editorship of a weekly paper and a two-monthly magazine was rather a pastime than a task. Our academy also was in a very flourishing state, and the number of pupils constantly increasing. It was most efficiently conducted by Mr. Fairbairn ; the classical languages, and other superior branches of education, being taught exclusively by himself ; while subordinate teachers were employed under his superintendence for the Dutch, French, and other modern languages,

and for drawing, mensuration, and similar departments. Our most sanguine hopes of private prosperity and public usefulness seemed about to be fully realised.

In order to lessen, if possible, the morbid jealousy of the Governor, we printed our magazine at the Government press, although the printing thus cost us more, and was far worse executed, than if we had consented to have had it done by Mr. Greig; and we ventured to flatter ourselves that the colonial authorities, in spite of their former habits, would, for their own credit, under the eyes of his Majesty's Commissioners, not venture rashly to interfere with us. But we were soon roughly awakened from our dream of security.

No objection was openly made to any expression in the first number of our magazine; though I afterwards learnt that several articles had given umbrage to the Governor and his confidential advisers.¹ But it was the newspaper which they regarded with the deepest dislike, and which they watched with unsleeping vigilance for an opportunity to pounce upon and crush it. It was not, however, till four months after its establishment, and when the publication had fairly secured the approbation and warm support of the whole community, that they fully made up their minds to throw off the mask of moderation, and attempt to smother the new-fledged freedom of the press, and in fact to extinguish all public discussion in any shape.

¹ The articles reported to me as having been considered most "obnoxious" in this number, were the "Introduction," by Mr. Fairbairn, which contained some remarks on the influence of the general diffusion of knowledge in checking the abuses of despotic power, and elevating the character of individuals and of nations—a Review of Commissioner Bigge's valuable Report on New South Wales—and some verses of mine upon the "Suppression of a Constitutional Government in Spain, and the extinction of a Free Press in Germany."

We had strictly excluded personality (the besetting vice of small communities) from our columns : not the shadow of a complaint could be brought against us on that score. Mere party politics we had shunned, as being altogether alien from our objects as colonial journalists. Topics likely to excite violent controversy in the colony, such as the Slavery question, the condition of the Aborigines, &c. (however decided were our own opinions on such points), we had also carefully abstained from discussing. We had in fact rejected numerous communications on all these subjects, considering it injudicious to arouse premature debate, even on legitimate and important public questions, in the then critical condition of the press and of the colony. We had, therefore, flattered ourselves that it would be scarcely possible for the most jealous scrutiny to find a plausible pretext for interference. But it was our singular fate to be sacrificed not for sins *actually* committed, but from the apprehension of those that we might *possibly* commit.

We had introduced the practice of reporting law cases, and on this point the Governor and some of his advisers happened to be peculiarly sensitive ; insomuch that although they had nothing to allege against the paper as respects the impartiality and discretion with which such reports had been hitherto given, they could not tolerate the continuance of such a privilege. The immediate cause of their interference was this. There was a prosecution for libel then before the Supreme Court, at the instance of the Governor. In the course of the trial the defendant (one Edwards, a reckless and desperate adventurer) had brought forward certain scandalous and libellous charges against the character of

Lord Charles Somerset, both in his public and private capacity; and to prevent the possibility of such charges being reported in the newspaper, the Fiscal¹ was instructed to assume the censorship. This took place on the evening of the 4th May, after we had corrected the leading article for the paper of the following morning, which happened to be of my composition. From the report of Edwards' trial also, every offensive allusion had been carefully expunged; as was afterwards proved to the Commissioners of Inquiry, by the production of the attested proof sheet, actually sent to press when the Fiscal interfered.

The crisis having thus arrived, Mr. Fairbairn and I explained to Mr. Greig the course we had determined to pursue; namely, never to compromise our birthright as British subjects by editing any publication under a censorship. But we advised him to weigh maturely all the consequences, and either act upon our principles, or continue the newspaper without us, as he might judge best. Mr. Greig, however, declared himself resolved to follow the same course, and announced next morning, in our last paper, that in consequence of the Fiscal's assumption of the censorship, the publication would be discontinued until the decision of his Majesty's Government on the subject should be ascertained.

¹ The powers of a Cape Fiscal, an officer (now superseded) combining the functions of Attorney-General and Superintendent of Police, are sketched with his usual felicity by the author of the "State of the Cape of Good Hope in 1822."—"He is powerful to punish the slave and to accuse the free man. He may bring forward charges tyrannically, or withhold them corruptly. He may tease one part of the society by little vexatious police regulations, and indulge another part in less venial acts," &c. &c.

This course, which necessarily involved an immediate appeal to the Government, and perhaps to the Parliament at home, would seem to have been quite unexpected by Lord Charles Somerset and his advisers, and to have exasperated his lordship beyond all bounds of common prudence or decorum. He instantly issued a warrant, upon his own responsibility (a perilous power lodged with the Governor for great State emergencies, only), directing Mr. Greig's press to be sealed up, and ordering himself to leave the colony within a month of the date of the warrant.¹

The Cape "Reign of Terror" had now commenced ; and events succeeded each other with a rapidity and violence which the actors mistook for energy and decision. My turn came next. The second number of our magazine had been published on the 7th May. The warrant for Greig's banishment was issued on the 8th. On the 13th the Fiscal sent me a summons to attend at his office, where he informed me that several articles and paragraphs in our magazine had given high offence to the Government : that had the obnoxious passages been observed while the work was in the press, he (the Fiscal) would have expunged them, or suppressed the

¹ The details of Mr. Greig's case, together with some correspondence between Lord C. Somerset and the Colonial department, which led to a second suppression of the same newspaper by Earl Bathurst in 1826, may be seen in No. 470 of the Parliamentary Papers of 1827. That paper does not, however, contain a most important correspondence which took place between Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. Secretary Huskisson in 1827 and 1828, and which led first to the establishment of a *licensed* press, at the Cape, and finally, under Sir George Murray, to its *legalised freedom*. The principal part of this latter correspondence was published in the *Oriental Herald* for February, 1829. A pamphlet was also published by Mr. Fairbairn in London, in 1827, entitled "Papers explaining the Cause of Lord Bathurst's last Interference with the Press at the Cape of Good Hope."

number ; and that he must now have a satisfactory "pledge" that nothing "obnoxious or offensive to Government" should appear in future. After a long conversation—during which I pressed him in vain to show me by what law, colonial, Dutch, or English, he assumed the right of restricting the legal privileges of the press—I said that as it was quite impossible for us even to conjecture what might be deemed "obnoxious" by the colonial government, and as we could not admit any such right of censorship as he claimed, our only safe course, and the best course for all parties, would be to discontinue the publication for the present. Accordingly next morning Mr. Fairbairn and I sent the Fiscal a written notice to that effect, and on the 15th the discontinuance of the work was announced by advertisement in the Gazette.

These occurrences produced a strong sensation in Cape Town. No public meeting could be held without the Governor's permission ; but a petition to the King in Council, praying for the extension to the colony of the privileges of a free press, was drawn up, and signed by a very large proportion of the most respectable inhabitants, including almost the whole of the English merchants. This petition was couched in the most moderate and decorous language, and only referred in very calm and measured terms to the recent extraordinary transactions. Such was the panic, however, that had been excited by the sentence of banishment issued against Mr. Greig, that comparatively few of the Dutch inhabitants dared to sign it. The Governor's power, they said, "was absolute, and his resentment ruin." They durst not venture, therefore, even to petition the King, contrary to the pleasure of the Governor. Such abject dread of arbitrary

power found little sympathy, of course, in our breasts. Mr. Fairbairn and I signed the petition.

This expression of public sentiment alarmed while it enraged the Government. They wished to smother the press without provoking public discussion at home. Another attempt was made to save appearances. Lord Charles summoned me to appear immediately before him at his audience-room in the Colonial Office. I found him with the Chief Justice, Sir John Truter, seated on his right hand, and the second number of our *South African Journal* lying open before him.¹ There was a storm on his brow, and it burst forth at once upon me like a long-gathered south-easter from Table Mountain. "So, Sir!" he began—"You are one of those who dare to insult me, and oppose my government!"—and then he launched forth into a long tirade of abuse; scolding, upbraiding, and taunting me,—with all the domineering arrogance of mien and sneering insolence of expression of which he was so great a master—reproaching me above all for my *ingratitude* for his personal favours. While he thus addressed me, in the most insulting style, I felt my frame tremble with indignation; but I saw that the Chief Justice was placed there for a witness of my demeanour, and that my destruction was sealed if I gave way to my feelings, and was not wary in my words. I stood up, however, and confronted this most arrogant man with a look under which his haughty eye instantly sunk, and replied to him with a calmness of which I had not, a few minutes

¹ The article which was pointed out by the Fiscal, and again by the Governor at this interview, as the most "obnoxious," was one on the State and Prospects of the English Emigrants in South Africa.

before, thought myself capable. I told him that I was quite sensible of the position in which I stood—a very humble individual before the representative of my Sovereign; but I also knew what was due to myself as a British subject and a gentleman, and that I would not submit to be *rated* in the style he had assumed by any man, whatever were his station or his rank. I repelled his charges of having acted unworthily of my character as a Government servant and a loyal subject;—I defended my conduct in regard to the press, and the character of our magazine, which he said was full of “calumny and falsehood;”—I asserted my right to petition the King for the extension of the freedom of the press to the colony; and I denied altogether the “personal obligations” with which he upbraided me, having never asked nor received from him the slightest personal favour, unless the lands allotted to my party, and my own appointment to the government library, were considered such,—though the latter was, in fact, a public duty assigned to me, in compliance with the recommendations of the Home Government. This situation, however, I now begged to resign, since I would not compromise my free agency for that or any appointment his lordship could bestow.

Lord Charles then saw he had gone a step too far. He had, in fact, misapprehended my character, and had made a not uncommon mistake, in taking a certain bashfulness of manner (*mauvaise honte*) for timidity of spirit. And as his object *then* was not absolutely to quarrel with, but merely to intimidate me, and thus render me subservient to his views, he immediately lowered his tone, and had the singular meanness, after the insulting terms he had used, to

attempt to coax me by a little flattery, and by throwing out hints of his disposition to promote my personal views, if I would conduct myself "discreetly." He wished the magazine, he said, still to go on ; and even alleged that the Fiscal had in some points exceeded his instructions in regard to us. But this attempt to cajole, when he found he could not bully me, disgusted me even more than his insolence. I saw the motive, and despised it : I saw the peril too, and feared it : "*timeo Danaos !*" I resolutely declined, therefore, his repeated invitations (to which he called the Chief Justice formally to bear witness) to recommence the magazine, unless *legal protection* were granted to the press. And so ended my last conference with Lord Charles Somerset. I retired, and immediately sent in the resignation of my Government appointment.

We still hoped we might, at all events, be allowed to go on quietly with our academy, and now resolved to devote our exclusive attention to it, and to other objects remote from politics, till better times should dawn on the colony. But we speedily found that what some of our Dutch friends had said was but too true—"the Governor's power was absolute, and his resentment ruin." Lord Charles, after this conference, appears to have determined to crush us totally. He could not decently, without some misdemeanour on our part, shut up our academy, but he openly denounced Mr. Fairbairn and myself as "inveterate Radicals ;" and declared our academy to be "a seminary of sedition." Such sentiments openly avowed by a Governor armed with almost despotic authority, however much disliked personally, had an amazing effect. In the eyes of some persons opposition to the pleasure of

"the powers that be," right or wrong, is always a sufficient proof of democratic or seditious principles ; and in the present case, many who had no respect whatever either for the opinions or the character of Lord Charles Somerset, had nevertheless great apprehension of offending him by appearing to patronise those whom he seemed determined to put down. The personal influence of a Governor, in such a community as the Cape, can indeed be but faintly conceived by people in England. Under the old system, or what Lord Charles used to call "the decent order of things," that influence was all but omnipotent.

The consequences may easily be conceived. From that moment the prosperity of our academy was blasted. Week after week pupils were taken away, some on one pretext, some on another ; until, in the course of a few months, scarcely half our former number remained. This result was probably accelerated by certain occurrences which took place shortly after the affair of the press, and of which the following is not the least memorable and characteristic.

The establishment of a Literary and Scientific Society at the Cape had been one of the objects to which we had most earnestly directed our attention, with a view to the intellectual improvement of the colony ; and in order to prepare the public mind for the formation of such an association, two able articles from the pen of Mr. Fairbairn had appeared in successive numbers of our magazine. After the suppression of the press, we still cherished the hope of succeeding in this object, which had now become of more importance than ever, since by that event, "light" was "by one entrance quite shut out." Besides, as such societies have been generally

tolerated, and even liberally patronised by some of the most despotic Governments of ancient and modern times, we flattered ourselves that even our South-African "divan" would be disposed rather to encourage than obstruct the direction of the public mind to such pursuits, both for the sake of their own credit in the eyes of the Commissioners and the Home Government, and in order to withdraw attention from more unpleasant topics. The Governor's personal hostility towards ourselves, we hoped, might be perhaps abated, when he saw that our views were exclusively directed to objects from which *all* political discussion was strictly excluded. And we entertained, moreover, the not unworthy expectation of extending our influence in society, and even of benefiting our academy, by exhibiting proofs of the moderation of our principles, and the practical utility of our aims.

On the 11th of July, accordingly, we met with a few of our friends at the house of Messrs. Thomson and Pillans,¹ merchants in Cape Town, to concert measures for carrying this purpose into effect. Some fundamental resolutions were adopted; a committee of three persons was appointed to prepare specific regulations; and I was invited to act as secretary *pro tempore*. We had, from time to time, similar preliminary meetings, at each others' houses, at which the regulations of the proposed society were maturely con-

¹ The former of these gentlemen is the author of "Travels and Adventures in Southern Africa," published in 1827. And besides him and his intelligent partner, Mr. Pillans, our other associates at this meeting, were the Rev. Dr. Philip, Superintendent of Missions; Messrs. W. T. Blair, of the E. I. Company's Civil Service; H. E. Rutherfoord, merchant, B. Moodie, W. L. Von Buchenroder, and C. T. Thornhill.

sidered, and several persons of scientific acquirements were added to our number. Meanwhile, to guard against any possible misapprehension of our views, copies of an address, pointing out the precise objects of the proposed institution, and a report of our sub-committee on the same topic, together with the rules adopted by the founders, were transmitted to the Colonial Office, the Fiscal, the Members of the Court of Justice, and to the Commissioners of Inquiry.

So perfectly unexceptionable did the principles of the association appear even to persons most afraid of giving umbrage to the Governor, and so praiseworthy its objects, that at our third meeting, which was held on the 11th of August, applications for admission were presented from a large number of respectable individuals, comprising some of the principal Government functionaries.¹ And on purpose to conciliate the Governor, by affording him an opportunity of appearing to advantage, as the promoter of science and literature in the colony, a deputation was appointed to wait upon his Excellency, to solicit him to become the Patron of the Society. This deputation consisted of Sir John Truter, the Chief Justice, Dr. Truter, a member of the Bench (and brother-in-law of Mr. Barrow, of the Admiralty), Mr. Cloëté, advocate, two Indian residents, two medical gentlemen, and two English merchants of Cape Town. Mr. Fairbairn and I, for obvious reasons, avoided assuming any unnecessary prominence in the business.

¹ The members at this time had increased to sixty-one, comprising among others the Chief Justice, and two other members of the bench, the Deputy Fiscal, Mr. Lind, four other civil servants, two advocates, four ministers of religion, nine medical gentlemen, and twenty-one merchants.

The Governor, however, did not allow time for the deputation to wait upon him. He had been watching our proceedings all along, with a most feline vigilance, and now sprung forth upon us like a tiger from his den. He called the Chief Justice to his presence, and gave him such a rating for joining the society, that Sir John, almost frightened out of his wits, anxiously entreated me to withdraw his name from the list of members ; at the same time assuring me, with a sort of rueful simplicity, that he conscientiously believed the institution to be a most praiseworthy one, and calculated to be of inestimable advantage to the community !

With Mr. Advocate Cloetè his lordship came at once to the point, and told him distinctly that he was resolved to crush the institution ; adding, with vindictive emphasis, that it was "quite sufficient" for him to know that this society had originated with Mr. Pringle and Mr. Fairbairn—for he was fully determined, so long as he held the reins of Government, to oppose and thwart everything, without exception, which emanated from them, or in which they were concerned.

To shew that he was in earnest, Mr. Fairbairn and Dr. Philip, and afterwards Mr. Pillans, were officially summoned before the Fiscal, and charged with holding "illegal meetings," and a proclamation, dated Feb. 19, 1800, which had been issued by Sir George Yonge, during the first occupation of the colony by the British, for the suppression of *Jacobin Clubs*, was read to them as the law which would be enforced in the present case, should we venture to hold any further meetings.

A correspondence then ensued between Mr. Blair (a mild,

accomplished and most courteous man), who had presided as chairman of our last meeting, and the Colonial Government, in which every effort was used to soothe the Governor's prejudices and to obviate, if possible, his objections. But it was all in vain. Courtesy and conciliation only drew forth further insult. "His Excellency considers" (so ran the official missive) "that he should greatly deviate from his duty in giving countenance to an establishment conducted by persons who have wilfully paid so little regard to the Authorities and established Regulations of the Colony."

Seeing that the Governor was thus inveterately resolved to extinguish our embryo institution, we determined that he should at least have credit of doing it formally and officially, and not by mere menace and intimidation. We therefore drew up a respectful memorial, and sent it round for the signatures of the members. The hostility of the Governor to the institution being now well known, many were intimidated from signing; but still it was sent in with thirty-six respectable names. The petition was peremptorily refused; and the association was, of course, immediately broken up. A complete history of the affair, with copies of the papers and correspondence, was then drawn up by us and laid before the Commissioners of Inquiry.

I must hastily pass over, along with many other strange occurrences of that period, an intimation which I received from a person in the service of Government, and who was certainly then on very confidential terms with the acting Colonial Secretary, Mr. Peter Brink, that a warrant had been signed for the inspection of my private papers by the Fiscal, together with those of my friends Dr. Philip and Mr.

Fairbairn, on the pretext of searching for "illegal documents." The Fiscal afterwards strenuously denied to the Commissioners of Inquiry that any such warrant against *me* had ever existed ; but it is certain that his whole conduct at the time, and especially his summoning me before the Court of Justice to answer his interrogations upon oath, were of a character to confirm my belief of some such stigmatising measure being in contemplation, as part of the system of *terrorism* then pursued by the Colonial Government.

It was difficult, indeed, to conjecture to what lengths the violence of arbitrary power would at that dismal period proceed. Fear is the most cruel of all passions, and infuriated by the fear of exposure, the Colonial Government seemed determined to strike down every man who should dare even to *look or think* disapprobation of its deeds. A frightful system of espionage pervaded every circle of society, and rendered perilous even the confidence of the domestic hearth. *Oliver*, the well-known Government spy, who had been sent out from England to be provided for at the Cape with a lucrative situation under Lord Charles, was most actively engaged during this crisis, as was universally believed, in his former vocation. Informers and false witnesses abounded ; and rumours of "plots" and "disloyal combinations against the Governor" were assiduously kept afloat for purposes as obvious as they were mischievous.

The Government Gazette had been long systematically employed for purposes of public deception, and sometimes of personal calumny. It had denounced the most respectable heads of the Albany settlers as seditious Radicals, merely because they proposed to meet to petition the Government

respecting their grievances. It had sent forth most audacious misrepresentations, for the purpose of *effect* in England, respecting the Tulbagh Drostdy, the Government free-schools, the mitigation of slavery, the state of the frontier, the treatment of the native tribes, and other topics too multifarious to enumerate. Latterly, it had been most assiduously employed in promulgating hints, and that too in Government proclamations and advertisements, respecting "an evil spirit" and "malignant views, evinced by some of the community ;" and in recording the presentation of numerous addresses to his Excellency, from the Court of Justice, the Government Departments, the Burgher Senate, and other public bodies, "expressive of the strongest sentiments of loyalty !" This sort of work might, perhaps, be considered the legitimate province of such a journal under such a government. But not contented even with the services of the Gazette, a scurrilous pamphlet was surreptitiously printed at the Government press in October, 1824, for the sole purpose of defaming the character of the Rev. Dr. Philip, who (for reasons to be afterwards noticed) was more obnoxious to the Governor, if that were possible, than even Mr. Fairbairn or myself. The fact, from its astounding folly, seems scarcely credible ; it is, nevertheless, most certain that Dr. Philip obtained a complete copy of this pamphlet when only a very few had been distributed, and laid it before the Commissioners of Inquiry on the 19th of October, and that the facts of its being printed by the order and under the immediate inspection of the acting Colonial Secretary, and copies of it circulated by the Governor himself, were fully substantiated ; and, what was not less

remarkable, that the printer's name was omitted by express order from the Colonial Office, in the very teeth of a proclamation issued four months previously, imposing a heavy penalty for every such omission! Five hundred copies were stitched and ready for distribution, when the investigations of the Commissioners alarmed the Governor; the copies which had been distributed were hastily recalled, and the whole impression destroyed.

The state of society in Cape Town, and indeed throughout the colony, at this period was truly deplorable. Mutual confidence was shaken; distrust, apprehension, and gloom everywhere prevailed; and men, according to their several characters and circumstances, were perturbed by angry excitement or prostrated by slavish fear. The singular *audacity* of the Government in some of the transactions I have noticed, and in others of a still more startling description which fall not within the scope of this narrative, absolutely paralysed the mass of the community with terror; and at length impressed them generally with the conviction that the Governor, who could venture thus to act under the very eyes of the King's Commissioners, must feel himself so strongly backed *at home* as to defy alike official inquiry and individual complaint. So strong had become this conviction, that whoever was discovered to be a complainant to the Commissioners, or supposed to have furnished them voluntarily with any information respecting abuses, was immediately set down as a "marked and ruined man." And even the Commissioners themselves (though unquestionably as honourable men as England ever entrusted with a difficult and delicate public duty), began to be very generally

suspected of being either the mere puppets of Earl Bathurst, or the blind dupes of Lord Charles Somerset ; an unworthy surmise, arising from the extreme caution which their instructions constrained them to observe in regard to all complaints which related to the personal conduct of the Governor. Those who, strong in a better faith, had dared to vindicate their claims to the privileges of British subjects, and who by doing so had become "*obnoxious*" (such was the specific term) to the Colonial Government, were now looked upon as persons under a sort of civil proscription, with whom it was no longer safe to associate, or even to hold casual intercourse. Many illustrations, at once ludicrous and humiliating, of the pusillanimous prostration of the public mind at this crisis, remain vividly in my recollection : but I refrain from giving pain to individuals, otherwise respectable, by recording them. Nor were people's apprehensions apparently without foundation. I shall notice only one instance. A meritorious clergyman of the Church of England, a friend of mine, was informed by a functionary of high rank, then the chief adviser of the Governor, that he was regarded at Government House as one of the "disaffected" because "it was observed that he still continued to associate with Mr. Pringle and Mr. Fairbairn." It would, however, be harsh, and probably unfair, to ascribe without qualification the whole of this persecution to the Governor personally. Tyrannical and vindictive as he was, I have little doubt that much of what was then said and done, and of which Lord Charles Somerset got the credit, was said and done without his knowledge or beyond his intention. But such will ever be the case under a system of government such as he

had organised, and to which he pertinaciously clung till it crumbled beneath his grasp and crushed him in its ruins ; a system where integrity and independence found no soil to grow in, where truth could not with safety be spoken, and where the servile and the selfish, basely solicitous to recommend themselves in the eyes of their patron, could scarcely fail to carry insult and persecution towards the objects of his dislike, in many cases beyond the bounds he himself may have purposed.

Such is a faint picture of the state of things at the Cape in the beginning of October, 1824. Before this period I had become convinced that, whatever the final result might be as regarded the system of Government, my personal prospects in the colony were for the present entirely blasted, and that to continue the struggle longer would only sink us deeper in ruin. I began therefore to prepare seriously for returning to England, where, though my prospects were dark enough, I should at least be once more under the protection of British laws, and at liberty to follow whatever course Providence might open to me, regardless alike of the favour or the frown of men "drest in a little brief authority."—*Author's Narrative.*

61.—*Loved Kindred and congenial Friends sincere.* P. 165.

A few words in conclusion about our settlement of Glen-Lynden. Under the blessing of Providence, its prosperity has been steadily progressive. The friends whom I left there, though they have not escaped some occasional trials and disappointments, such as all men are exposed to in the uncertain world, have yet enjoyed a goodly share of "health,

competence, and peace." As regards the first of these blessings, one fact may suffice. Out of twenty-three souls who accompanied me to Glen-Lynden fourteen years ago, there had not, up to the 24th of January last, 1834, occurred (so far as I know) a single death—except one, namely, that of Mr. Peter Rennie, who was unfortunately killed by the bursting of a gun, in 1825. My father, at the patriarchal age of eighty years, enjoys the mild sunset of life in the midst of his children and grandchildren ; the latter, of whom there is a large and rapidly increasing number, having been, with a few exceptions, all born in South Africa. The party have more than doubled their original numbers, by births alone, during the last twelve years. Several additional families of relatives and of old acquaintance, have also lately joined them.

Without having any pretensions to wealth and with very little *money* among them, the Glen-Lynden settlers (with some few exceptions) may be said to be in a thriving, and on the whole in a very enviable condition. They are no longer molested by either predatory Bushmen or Caffers ; they have abundance of all that life requires for competence and for comfort ; and they have few causes of anxiety about the future. Some of them who have acquired considerable flocks of merino sheep, have even a fair prospect of attaining by degrees to moderate wealth. They have excellent means of education for their children ; they have a well-selected subscription library of about four hundred volumes ; and, what is still more important, they have the public ordinances of religion duly and purely maintained among them ; they have now a parish minister (the Rev. Alexander Welsh, a

clergyman of the Scottish Church) established in the valley of Glen-Lynden, with a decent stipend from the Government augmented by their own voluntary contributions.

On the whole, I have great cause to bless God, both as regards the prosperity of my father's house, and in many respects also as regards my own career in life (whatever may be my worldly fortunes), that His good Providence directed our emigrant course fourteen years ago to the wilds of Southern Africa.—*Author's Narrative of a Residence in South Africa.*

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